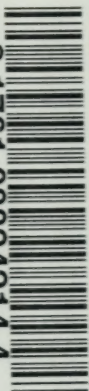
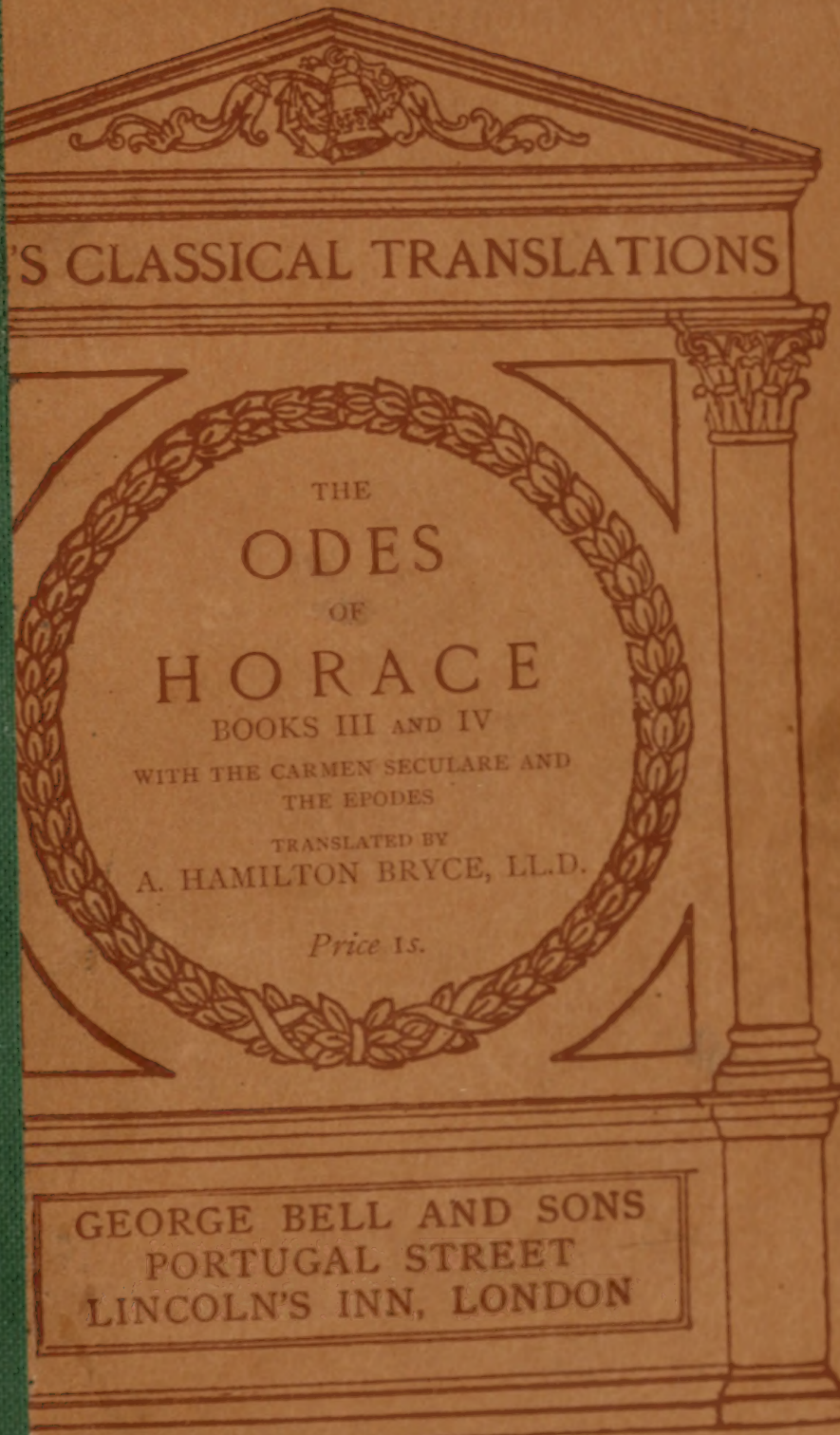


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Horace
Odes, books 3 & 4;
tr. Bryce



S CLASSICAL TRANSLATIONS

THE
ODES
OF
HORACE

BOOKS III AND IV

WITH THE CARMEN SECULARE AND
THE EPODES

TRANSLATED BY
A. HAMILTON BRYCE, LL.D.

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BOOK III.

ODE I.

HAPPINESS LIES IN MODERATION AND CONTENTMENT.

The common herd of men I hate, and hold them far at bay. A sacred silence keep: the Muses' priest, I sing to maidens and to youths strains never heard before.

The sway of dreaded kings can only vassals reach: the sway of Jove, by rout of giants famed, is over kings themselves—of Jove who shakes all Nature by a nod. 'Tis true, no doubt, that one o'er wider range in trenches plants the trees which prop his vines: that one of nobler birth in search of office to the Campus hies: another better in morals and repute asserts his claims: a third has clients many more: but stern Necessity, from bias free, allots the fate of high and low: her ample urn shakes every name. For him above whose guilty head there hangs a naked sword, Sicilian dainties will not "force sweet appetite"; nor will the song of birds or strains of harp restore his sleep. Calm slumber scorns not the cottage home¹ of rustic men, nor shady bank, nor Tempe fanned by western breeze. That man who seeks what's just enough—no more—the troubled sea does not disturb, nor fury of Arcturus as he sets, nor of the rising Kids, nor vineyards beaten down by hail, nor farms betraying hope, when trees now blame the heavy rains, and now the dogstar heat that burns the fields, and now unfriendly winters. The fishes find their sea curtailed by masses to

¹ "Cottage home," literally "low-roofed house."

the depths flung down ; here the contractor¹ with his crowd of men, the master, too, with household slaves pour in the rubble, disdaining Nature's bounds. But fear and Conscience' threats mount by the ladder which the owner climbs, and gloomy care leaves not the brass-prowed ship—aye, even firmly sits behind the Knight. But if nor Phrygian stone nor purple robe brighter than stars, nor strong Falernian wine, nor Persian nard, compose the mind when ill at ease, why should I rear a lofty Hall in modern style, with pillars courting envy's grudge? Why should I change my Sabine Vale for splendour with its greater toils?

ODE II.

OLD ROMAN CHARACTER.

Let Roman youth, made strong by active war, learn to endure privation in a happy mood ; let him as horseman bold with dreaded spear harass the daring Mede, and spend his life in open air, and midst alarms of foes. Let wife and daughter of the warring king, as from the hostile walls they look, heave many a sigh, alas ! lest princely spouse, untried in war, provoke the lion, dangerous to stir, whom blood-thirst anger hurries on through thickest of the fight. A pleasant and a noble thing it is to die for fatherland : Death hunts to doom the man who flies, nor does he spare the trembling knees and back of coward youth. True worth that knows not base defeat, shines with a halo bright, nor does it take or lay aside the axe of Power at changing whim of fickle mobs. Worth, that opens heaven to men who should not die, directs her course by ways from

"Crowd of men."—This is, I think, the proper meaning of "*frequens*" here, and not "many a contractor," as some would have it.

tion, of contentment, of the shortness and uncertainty of life, and the inevitable foot of Death, "which knocks alike at poor man's hut and prince's hall." He felt what he said, and the genuine feeling of a right-thinking man must always show itself to advantage in what he writes. The teaching and the practice of his excellent father had much to do with the creation in the poet of that respect for goodness and that contempt for tinsel and sham which Horace so powerfully expresses. His love for the country, his intercourse with the simple-minded, self-reliant, and pure-living peasantry of the Sabine hills, fostered and intensified in him that spirit of sturdy independence and of admiration for the good and noble which characterises his best poems. On the other hand, the tendency which that spirit has always shown to degenerate into vulgarity, rudeness, and bluster, was kept down in him by his kindly nature, by his rational common sense, and by the refined society of that literary circle in which he moved at Rome.

His amatory verses, though pretty and graceful, and sometimes exquisite in thought and expression, are wanting in depth of fervour, of devotion, and of high moral feeling. This is no doubt largely owing to the fact that they are, for the most part, mere adaptations of Greek poems, and did not spontaneously flow out from his own head or heart to any real person towards whom he had the honourable and sincere feeling of love. A few (a very few) of them, again, are offensive, both in tone and wording.

In Odes to friends, however, Horace is more at home than in those just referred to. These have the true ring of genuine affection and heartiness of feeling. As an example of this, the Ode to Varus (II. vii.) may be instanced. In it there is no reserve in his joyous welcome, no halting in his words of friendly greeting, and no stint or grudge in the offer of his cask of wine. His whole soul is filled with the earnest desire to receive his old companion in arms with the

warmest hospitality, and to do him every honour. He is even prepared "to play the fool a bit" at this happy meeting. His Odes to Mæcenas, Virgil, Varius, and others of his intimate friends, are equally hearty and sincere. In such as these his lovable nature shines brightly out in every line.

No less apparent is the master hand when he descants on Nature in her soft and gentle form, or in her wilder moods of storm by land or sea. He speaks with rapture of Bandusia and its icy draughts; of brooks that hurry down their tortuous course with babbling noise; of meadows with their velvet sward and new-blown flowers; of cool and winding glens where goats have shelter from the Dog-Star heat; of lovely Tibur with its woods and wimpling rills; of soft Tarentum and its climate's charms; and of Galæsus' peaceful stream, "dear to the coated sheep." He speaks, too, of Garganus' oaks lashed by the eastern gale; of restless Hadria and its mountain waves to fury roused by tyrant Auster and his boisterous squalls; of the torrent river with destructive flood; of Mount Soracte and its snow-clad peak; and of Caucasus, whose cliffs and frosts and snows repel the foot of man. Whatever be his subject, Horace is natural, moderate in tone, graphic in description.

It is little to be wondered at that Horace is a favourite with all his readers, and that his memory is cherished as that of one whom we have intimately known, and whom we still fondly love. His works are a storehouse of maxims for everyday life, and of quotations fitted for use in almost every department and every phase of human action.

others hid, and on her fleeting pinion spurns the vulgar crowd and damp and foggy Earth. For faithful silence, too, there is a sure reward: the man who would divulge the sacred rites of holy Ceres I should forbid to stay beneath the roof that covers me, or to unmoor with me a fragile bark: often has Jove, by slight enraged, in penalties conjoined impure and pure: Vengeance, with her halting foot, has rarely failed to catch the wicked, though he gains the start.

ODE III.

THE MAN OF UPRIGHT AND OF STEADFAST MIND.

Him who defends the Right and is in purpose firm, nor perverse zeal of citizens in passing laws unjust, nor frown of threatening tyrant shakes in his fixed resolve, nor Auster, boisterous ruler of the restless Hadria, nor the mighty hand of Jove with thunder armed: should shattered heaven fall about his ears, the crash will strike him dauntless still. Thus Pollux and the roaming Hercules striving upward reached the starry heights, and in their midst reclining Cæsar imbibes the nectar with empurpled mouth. For such deserts O Bacchus, did thy tigers bear thee up, drawing thy car with untrained necks: by means of this did Romulus fly Acheron on steeds of Mars, when Juno spoke what pleased the gods in council seated: Ilium, Ilium,¹ a doom-fraught and polluted judge, and paramour from foreign land, have turned to ashes—consigned for punishment to chaste Minerva and to me, with people and with cheating king, ever since that day when false Laomedon deprived the gods of promised hire. No longer now that ill-famed guest decks out his form for Spartan dame, and Priam's perjured house no more retards the onset of the valiant Greeks by

¹ Ilium is the accusative, not the vocative.

Hector's might, and war prolonged by our disputes is over now. Henceforth I will forego my bitter grudge, and will forgive, for sake of Mars, my hated grandson, whom Trojan priestess bore : him will I allow to reach these realms of light, to drink the juice of nectar, and to be enrolled among the peaceful ranks of gods. So long as wide and stormy seas shall roll 'twixt Ilium and Rome let exiled sons of Troy reign prosperous where'er they please : so long as cattle tread on Priam's and on Paris' tomb, and wild beasts there in safety hide their young, let the proud Capitol stand forth in glittering pomp, and let the martial Rome give laws to conquered Medes. Let her, a dreaded power, extend her fame to those far-distant coasts, where the dividing flood parts Europe from the Afric shore, where swollen Nile o'erflows the plains ; braver in scorning gold un-mined—so is it better placed when hid in Earth—than in turning it to human needs with sacrilegious hands that nothing sacred spare. Whatever bounds have to the world been set, these shall she reach in arms, eager to see those parts where blazing heat revels unchecked, where clouds prevail, and soaking rains. But to Quirites, famed in war, their fate I tell on these my terms, that in excess of love, and over-confident in strength, they seek not to rebuild th' ancestral walls of Troy. Troy's fortunes, born again with evil omen, shall be repeated in disaster bitter as before, I, sister and spouse of Jove heading my conquering bands. Thrice were a wall of brass to rise by Phœbus' aid, thrice should it fall, by Argives levelled to the ground ; thrice should the captive wife lament her husband and her children slain.

This will not suit the sportive lyre : Muse, whither dost thou haste ? Cease to relate the gods' discourse with froward will, and by thy humble strains debase such lofty themes.

ODE IV.

TO CALLIOPE.

O Queen Calliope, from heaven come down and on thy pipe pour forth a long and stately strain or, if thou wish it rather, with clear and tuneful voice, or on the strings of Phœbus' lyre. Do you hear it, friends, or does a fond delusion mock my brain? Methinks I hear her, and I seem to wander through the hallowed groves, where charming waters glide and gentle breezes blow. Me, when a child, worn out by play, and overcome by sleep, the woodland doves of storied fame covered with leaves on Voltur's slope, beyond Apulia's bounds, my early home—a wondrous sight to all who dwell in lofty Acherontia's home, and Bantia's woods and fertile fields of low Forentum! how I could sleep secure from deadly snakes, and grizzly bears, and how my limbs were heaped with sacred bay and myrtle duly culled—a child inspired with strength from Heaven. Your care, O Muses, yours I say, I'm borne to lofty Sabine hills, or, be't my choice, to cold Præneste, or Tibur's slopes, or Baia's sea-washed shore. Me welcome at your fountains and your choirs, not Philippi's rout, nor cursed tree could kill, nor Palinurus in Sicilian seas. Since you shall be at hand, as sailor shall I brave the raging Bosphorus, and, as a traveller, Assyria's burning sands. With you I'll visit Britain, to the stranger fierce, and the Concanian who delights in horses' blood. With you in safety I shall see the quiver-armed Geloni and the Scythian Don. 'Tis you that in Pierian cave regale exalted Cæsar eager to complete his toils, so soon as he has placed in towns his war-worn troops. You, deities benign, both peaceful counsels prompt, and joy in those you give. We

know how he who rules the sluggish earth and calms the storm-swept sea, and cities too and realms of gloom, and with a righteous sway governs both gods and mortal men, slew with descending bolt the Titans and the giant host. That band of youths of horrid form had caused to Jove great dread, relying on their strength of arm, and the fell brothers too, who sought to place Mount Pelion on Olympus with its shady woods. But what could bold Typhœus do, and sturdy Mimas? or what, Porphyryion in attitude of fight? what could Rhœtus, and Enceladus,—a daring spearman with whole trunks up-torn,—avail against the sounding shield of Pallas? Here Vulcan stood, for battle keen: there mother Juno stayed, and he who never will lay down his bow, Apollo, god of Delos and of Patara, who in Castalia's crystal dew is wont to bathe his flowing locks; who haunts the groves of Lycia and his native woods.

Force void of judgment falls by inherent weight: force, duly tempered, the deities advance to greater power: but they detest that strength which all impiety contrives. Gyas of the hundred hands attests my sentiments, and Orion, noted tempter of the chaste Diana, slain by the Virgin's shaft. Earth grieves, on her own monsters flung; and wails her offspring hurled to lurid Orcus by the bolt of Jove: nor does the scorching flame consume Mount Aetna laid upon them, nor does the vulture ever quit the liver of the lustful Tityus, assigned as vengeful warder of the guilty wretch: the amorous Pirithoüs three hundred chains confine.

ODE V.

THE TRUE SOLDIER SPIRIT.

From his thunder we believe that Jupiter in heaven is king. Augustus shall be deemed a Deity on earth when Britons and dread Parthians are added to his sway. What ! have Crassus' soldiers deigned to live degraded husbands of barbarian wives ? and,—shame on the Senate and our altered ways !—has Marsian or Apulian brave, forgetting sacred shields and Roman name and dress, and Vesta's never-dying flame, grown old in pay of marriage kin¹ under a Persian king, while Rome is safe, and Jove's great temple too ? This had the wary mind of Regulus foreseen when he refused the proffered terms, vile in themselves and fraught with mischief for the time to come, unless the captive youth, with none to pity, died. I've seen, he said, the Roman eagles hung in Punic shrines, and weapons from our soldiers wrung without a blow : I've seen the arms of citizen bound fast behind a freeman's back, and gates² thrown open wide, and fields our arms once spoiled now tilled again !

A soldier ransomed by gold will return, forsooth, a braver man ! You only add the loss of money to the foul disgrace : as wool when stained with dye will ne'er regain the colour lost, so sterling worth when ousted once cares not to take its place in baser breast. When stags set free from tangled nets show fight, then he'll be brave who once has yielded to the treacherous foe, and in a second war that man shall crush the Punic hosts, who on his pinioned arms "has felt the thongs, the coward ! and has feared to die."

¹ Literally, "In the armour of their fathers-in-law."

² "Gates thrown open wide,"—*i.e.*, the gates of Carthage, showing that the Romans were no longer feared.

He, knowing not how life to win, has mixed up peace with war.¹ Oh, shame! O Carthage! higher raised by Italy's base fall!

'Tis said he (*i.e.*, Regulus) put aside his wife's chaste kiss and little sons' good-bye, as being a Roman citizen no more, and with his purpose stern, fixed on the ground a hero's gaze, while striving to confirm the Senate's wavering mind by counsel never given before, and hasting forth to noble exile from the midst of weeping friends. And yet he knew full well what cruelties the torturer prepared: but still he moved aside opposing kin and throngs who barred his going, just as if he'd judged a case and leaving clients' weary suits were hurrying off to Venafrum, or to Tarentum, that Laconian town.

ODE VI.

REVIVAL OF THE OLD RELIGION.

Roman, though innocent, you shall atone your fathers' sins, till you repair the temples and the mouldering shrines of all the gods, and their statues blackened by the grimy smoke. You hold unbounded sway, because you give submission to the gods: from them all emanates, to them ascribe all ends and issues. The gods, through our neglect, on sore-tried Italy have brought her many woes. Already have Monæses' and Pacorus' bands twice crushed our ill-starred onsets, and gleam with pride that to their scanty ornaments they added spoils of Rome. The Dacian and Egyptian hosts had well-nigh sacked the town, given up to civil broils,—the latter dreaded for his fleet, the former better with his missile shafts. The ages "big with crime," first stained the mar-

¹ "Has mixed up peace with war," *i.e.*, has forgotten that in war it is the sword only that ensures safety.

riage bond, and family and home ; misfortune hence derived has swept like torrent-flood o'er fatherland and people. The grown-up maiden loves to learn the Ionic dance, and trains herself in all coquettish arts, and from her very cradle meditates unholy loves : then by and bye she seeks for younger suitors at her husband's board, nor does she pick and choose the man to whom to grant a hurried and forbidden joy, when lights are out : but when she's called she rises up before her partner's face and with his full consent, whether it be a bagman that invites her, or the captain of some Spanish ship—the costly buyer of her foul disgrace. It was not youths from parents such as these that dyed the sea with Punic blood and slew the great Antiochus and Pyrrhus too, and dreaded Hannibal : but the manly sons of rustic soldiers, inured to trench the soil with Sabine spades, and cut and carry fagots till their rigid mother said “enough,” what time the sun reversed the mountain shades, and loosed the yoke from wearied kine, bringing sweet even-tide with parting car. What does not wasting time make worse ? Our fathers' age, worse than their sires', has brought forth us still worse than they—soon to produce an offspring baser still.

ODE VII.

TO ASTERIE.

Asterie, why for Gyges weep, a youth of trusted constancy, whom kindly zephyrs will bring back in early spring, rich with Bithynian wares ? Driven by southern winds to Oricum, after wild Capra's rise, sleepless he spends the chilly nights not without many a tear. And yet the agent of his love-sick hostess slyly tempts him in a thousand ways. —“that Chloë sighs for him,” and that “in wretchedness she is consumed by love for you.” He tells how once a

treacherous dame by groundless charges urged the simple Proetus to prepare an early death for chaste Bellerophon: how Peleus was all but sent to Tartarus, while with chaste resolve he fled Hippolyte's Thessalian charms: and the deceiver calls to mind each tale that tempts to err: in vain—for still unscathed, and deafer than the rocks of Icarus,¹ he hears his words. But take you care lest fair Enipeus, who lives hard by your home, may please you overmuch: though on the Campus sward no other man is seen to wheel his steed with equal skill, and none with equal speed can swim the Tuscan stream in downward course. At early night shut up your house, and look not down into the street at sound of plaintive pipe, and though he call you, "hard of heart," remain unmoved.

ODE VIII.

TO MÆCENAS.

Mæcenas, skilled in lore of Greece and Rome, you wonder, doubtless, what I, a bachelor, intend to do on this the first of March: what mean these flowers, and censer with frankincense filled, and coals laid down on fresh-cut turf? To Bacchus I had vowed a dainty feast, and snow-white goat, when almost done to death by stroke of falling tree. This day, a holiday, in each returning year shall draw the well-pitched cork out from the cask, which first was taught to drink-in smoke in Tullus' consulship. Mæcenas, take a hundred cups in honour of your friend preserved, and prolong till dawn the watchful lamps: let

¹ "Deafer than the rocks" was a common proverbial expression, so that "he hears" coming after it, is not to be regarded as an "Irish bull." We say "deaf to entreaty" in a somewhat similar way, the *hearing* of the entreaty being implied as well as the rejection. "Hear his words," *i.e.*, the agent's words.

revel-noise and angry words be far away. Dismiss your thoughts for Rome and her affairs. The host of Dacian Cotiso has perished : the Medes in deadly feud contend among themselves in doleful war : the Cantabri, our enemy of old on coast of Spain, are now subdued, reduced to tardy bondage : and now the Scythian, with bow unstrung, prepares to fly and leave our plains. For once lay cares aside, and as a private citizen cease to be worried, lest the public suffer aught : take joyfully the blessings of the present hour, and leave to others grave concerns.

ODE IX.

HORACE AND LYDIA.

HOR. So long as I was dear to you, and no more favoured youth was wont to throw his arms around your snowy neck, I lived more happy than a Persian king.

LYD. So long as you were not more fond of other maid, nor was Chloë to your Lydia preferred, I Lydia, of famous name, lived more renowned than Roman Ilia.

HOR. The Thracian Chloë sways me now, skilled in sweet strains, and mistress of the lyre, for whom I should not fear to die, if Fate would spare her, my surviving life.

LYD. Calais, the son of Thurian Ornytus, inflames me with a mutual fire, for whom I twice would bear to die, if Fate would save my darling boy.

HOR. What if our former love returns and binds us with a brazen yoke, though parted now, if fair-haired Chloë be dislodged, and for the slighted Lydia the door again be free?

LYD. Though he is brighter than a star, you lighter than a cork, more wrathful than the fretful Hadria—for all, with you I'd love to live, with you I'd gladly die.

ODE X.

TO LYCE.

Lyce, if you dwelt on banks of far-off Don, bound to some savage lord, yet would you grieve to see me stretched before your cruel gate, exposed to native north winds' cutting blasts. Do you perceive with what a noise the gate, with what a noise the trees within your fair abode send back responsive moanings to the winds : how Jove by power of cloudless sky hardens to ice the fallen snows ? Discard all haughtiness, which Venus hates, lest rope and wheel run back together. You're no Penelope, from Tuscan father sprung, to suitors deaf. Oh ! though neither gifts nor prayers, nor lovers' sallow looks, nor husband smitten by Pierian maid can bend your will, spare your suppliants I pray, though not more pliable than rigid oak, nor gentler in your heart than Moorish snakes. This frame of mine will not for ever stand your stony threshold and the rain.

ODE XI.

TO MERCURY.

Hermes, for under thee as master, with quickest wit Amphion made the stones move on by song ; and thou, sweet lyre, that know'st so well to send forth sound from seven strings, in olden times not tuneful nor in favour, but now a welcome guest at tables of the rich and at the temple feasts, sing strains to which fair Lyde may incline her stubborn ear, who like a "three-year-old" sports in the fields with bounding step, and shrinks from touch of man, not

knowing marriage joys, and yet unripe in age. Thou hast power to lead the tigers and the woods in company; thou canst stop the course of rapid streams: by reason of thy soothing strains, did Cerberus, the sentinel of that Infernal hall, give way, although a hundred serpents guard the monster's head, and fetid breath and bloody gore flow from his three-tongued mouth. Nay, Tityus and Ixion smiled against their will; the urn stood for a moment dry, while thou didst soothe the Danaids with a grateful song. Let Lyde hear the maiden's crime and well-known punishment, and tell her of the cask emptied of water, which ever from the bottom flows, and of the after-fates which wait upon misdeeds of men, even in the home of Orcus. Of all affection void—for what more heinous could they do? heartless themselves they still had heart to slay their husbands with the cruel sword! One of the many, worthy of the marriage torch, was to her perjured father gloriously false—a maiden famed to every future age—who to her youthful husband said, "Arise, arise, lest an eternal sleep be given thee from a hand thou fearest not: by flight escape my father and my wicked sisters, who like lions midst a herd of calves, are rending, ah me, each her own! I, gentler of heart than they, will neither strike nor keep thee in restraint. My father with his horrid chains may load my limbs because in mercy I have spared a wretched spouse: or send me over sea to far Numidian plains. Go, where'er thy feet or breezes of the sea now bear thee, while night and Venus favour thy escape, go with happy omen, and on my tomb inscribe a mournful verse in memory of me."

ODE XII.

TO NEOBULE.

Unhappy maidens cannot humour love, nor can they drown their woes in pleasant wine, or (if they do) they live half dead, fearing the lashes of an uncle's tongue. Cytherea's wingéd son flies off with work-box and with work, and Neobûle fair, young Hebrus, new from Lipăra, with beauty fresh and bright, bears clean away your distaff and your web, and all your zeal for good Minerva's Arts, soon as he bathes in Tiber's stream his shoulders rubbed with oil: a horseman he, e'en better than Bellerophon himself, and never vanquished in the "ring" or in the race; skilful too to strike with well-aimed spear the stags that scour the open in bewildered herds, and quick of eye and hand to intercept the boar that in deep thicket lurking lies.

ODE XIII.

TO THE FOUNTAIN OF BANDUSIA.

O Fountain of Bandusia, than crystal clearer still, worthy art thou of sweetest wine and flowers in plenty; to-morrow thou shalt have as offering a kid, whose forehead, swelling with its budding horns, foretells both love and war—in vain; for the issue of the wanton flock shall tinge with scarlet blood thy icy streams. Thee the fierce season of the blazing Dogstar fails to touch: thou giv'st a cool, delightful drink to oxen wearied with the plough, and to the roaming herds. Thou too shalt be in after-days one of the far-famed Wells, I singing of the oak above the rocks from which thy waters leap with babbling noise!

ODE XIV.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

O Roman people, your Cæsar, who, it was lately said, had sought, like Hercules, the laurel gained only at risk of life, revisits his domestic gods, coming as victor from the shores of Spain. Let the wife, rejoicing in her peerless lord, come forth and make an offering to the righteous gods: and let the sister of our glorious leader come; and mothers of the new-made wives and of the soldiers, late preserved from death, come forth, adorned with suppliant wreaths. Ye youths and maidens newly wed, abstain from all ill-omened words. This day, a real festival to me, shall banish gloomy cares: Nor sudden risings shall I fear, nor death by violence, while Cæsar rules the land. Away, my boy, seek perfume, chaplets too, and get a cask of wine that saw the Marsian war, if any jar perchance escaped the roving Spartacus. And bid Neæra of the silver voice make haste to trim and bind her hair fragrant with myrrh: if through the hated porter any trouble rise, be off at once. Whitening hair is wont to mellow hearts that erst were fond of strife and wanton brawl: this I should not have stood in days of heated youth when Plancus was our Consul.

ODE XV.

TO CHLORIS.

You, wife of humble Ibycus, at length set bounds to your incontinence and to your deeds of ill-repute. Now near a timely death forbear among the girls to sport, and on those brilliant stars to cast a cloud. What's seemly for young Phloë

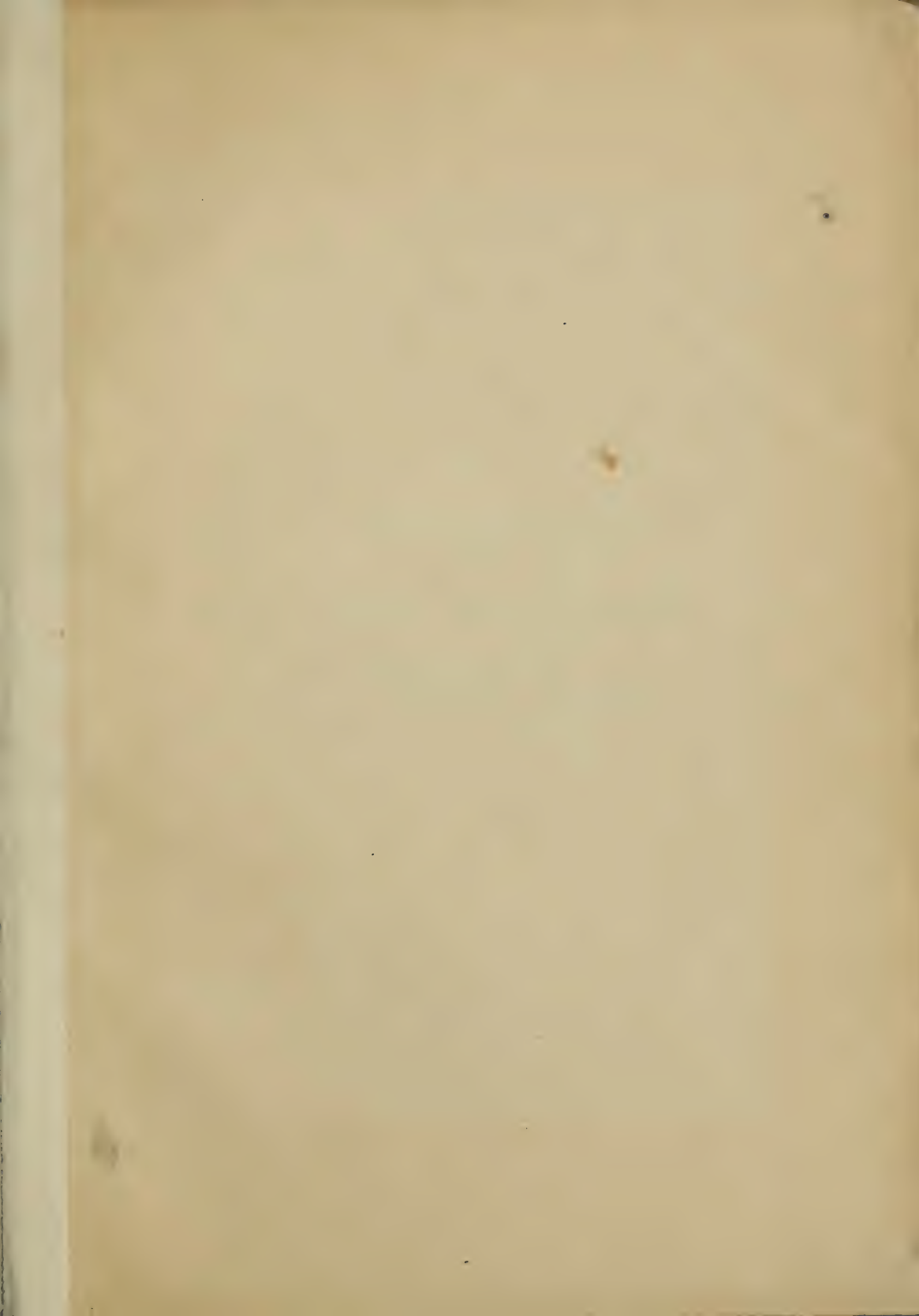
becomes not aged Chloris too. Your daughter it would more besit the young men's homes to storm, as Bacchante roused to frenzy by the beaten drum. Her love for Nothus makes her frisk about just like a wanton goat. Wool shorn at famed Luceria suits you now, when old and wizened,—not harps, not roses' purple blush, nor casks drunk to the very dregs.

ODE XVI.

TO MÆCENAS.

A tower of brass and doors of oak, and surly watch of wakeful dogs had safely guarded Danaë from nightly swains, had not Jupiter and Venus too befooled Acrisius, timid keeper of the hidden maid: for well they knew that if the god were changed to gold the way would prove at once secure and free. Gold loves to pass midst many guards, and break through walls of stone, more powerful than lightning's bolt. For lucre's sake the Argive augur's house, in ruin whelmed, was utterly destroyed: by bribes the man of Macedon burst open cities' gates, and undermined all rival kings: even rough sea captains are ensnared by bribes. Anxiety attends on growing wealth, and greed for greater things. Mæcenas, glory of the Roman knights, justly have I feared to raise my head that all may see. The more a man denies himself, the more will he from heaven receive: stripped as I am of Fortune's gifts I seek the camp of those who covet nought, and gladly leave the task of wealth-pursuit, more famed as owner of my slighted means, than if 'twere said that in my barns I stored the fruits of all Apulia's active hinds—midst heaps of riches, pauper still

A stream of water, clear and pure, a wood few acres wide, a certainty of crop—this is a lot unknown to him, and



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BY

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WITH INTRODUCTION AND MEMOIR



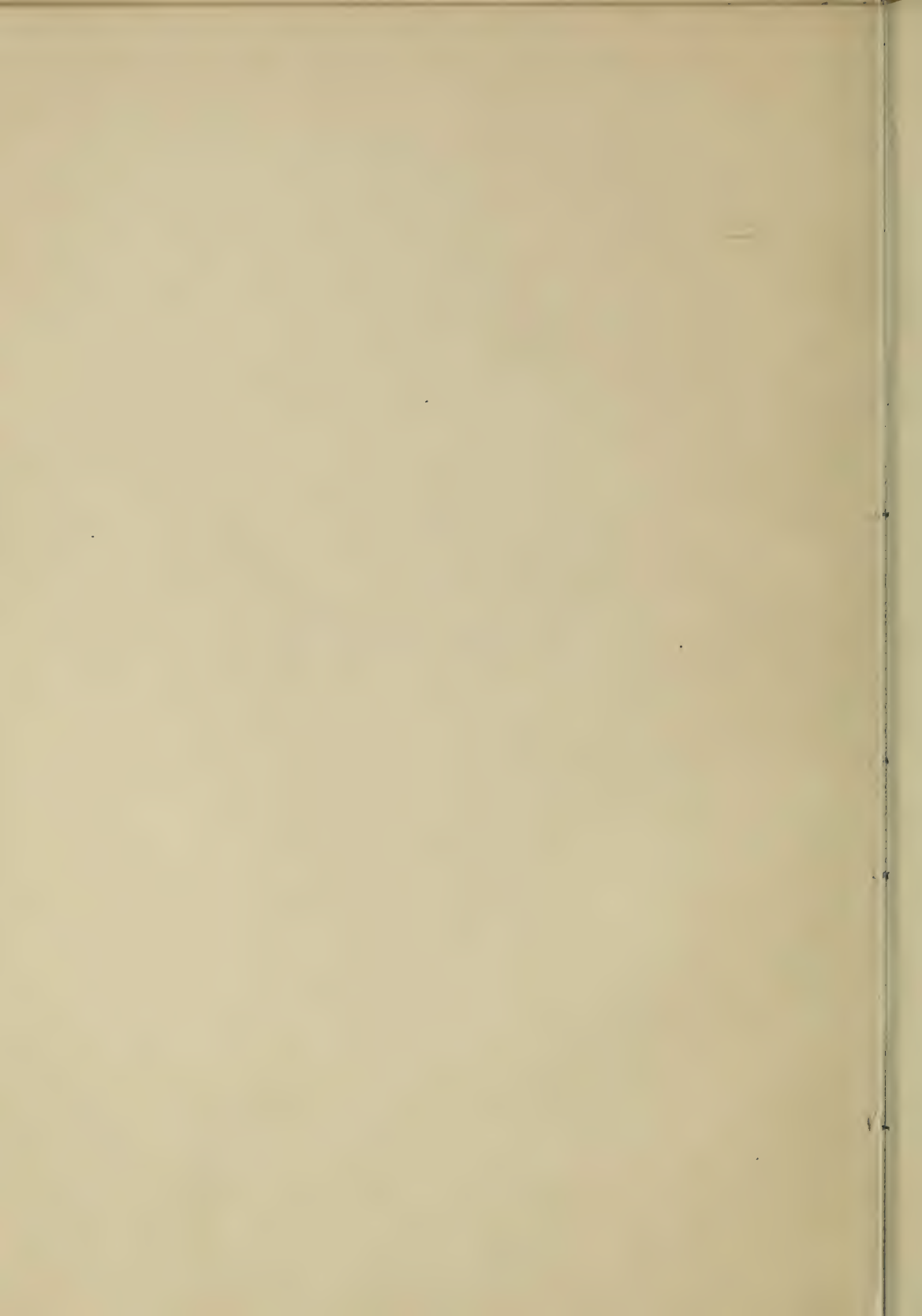
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THE ODES



INTRODUCTION.

It has been stated in the *Life of Horace* that after his schoolboy days were over he went to Athens to pursue higher studies in philosophy, and to cultivate a more thorough knowledge of Greek Literature. In following out the latter object, he seems to have read much of that Lyric poetry of which Alcæus and Sappho were leading representatives, and which, it would appear, had a special charm for him. This, as it turned out, gained him his lasting fame.

When the desire took hold of him to adapt the strains of Italy to the Æolian Muse we know not, as he has not told us; but it would seem that he had written much after his return to Rome before he began to transfer the metres and subjects of the Greek Lyricists into Latin Odes. The improvement in his style of writing, which arose from his great practice in satiric composition, induced him, it is said, to put forth all his powers in Lyric poetry, as suiting his taste, and as being a novelty in Rome. This he did for seven years. In the first six he sent forth the first three books of the Odes. A fourth followed soon afterwards. These Odes, being the product of his riper years, are generally considered to be the most perfect and most polished of his writings, in the matter of form at least. They give proof of maturity of mind and judgment, of a keen insight into life and its important conditions and relationships, rather than of poetic inspiration of the highest type, or of exuberant imagination.

In the Odes the language is generally polished, the thoughts lucid in conception, the diction terse, and the metres remarkable for beauty and harmony. But occasionally we meet with phrases and sentences of a prosaic kind, and with extravagances inconsistent with Horace's usual good taste. When Horace speaks from the heart and with his natural fire, as he does in Odes of a national and patriotic kind, such as the second of the First Book, he rises to real beauty and even to grandeur; but if his subject has been proposed to him, and he is expected to write "to order," the result is very different:—and naturally so, as common sense and experience will readily admit it must be.

Horace's first attempts would necessarily be translations, or at least mere imitations, of his Greek models. Others are independent compositions in Greek fashion, and others again original subjects from the public life of Rome and Italy, or on the private affairs of his friends.

The Odes may be classified as follows: (1) national and patriotic; (2) friendly; (3) amatory. There are many others of a miscellaneous kind, dealing with the beauties of the country; with virtues, personal and social, with old Roman character and heroism, and with ancient legends of gods and men. It is in the first of these that Horace appears to most advantage. In them he breathes forth in words of fire his ardent love of fatherland and home; he proclaims with honest pride the past glories of the state; and with unbounded admiration he recalls the uprightness and the honesty of the good old days. On the other hand, he deprecates in sad and warning tones the defection from ancient standards which he sees is taking place, the decay in morals and in military spirit, and the deterioration of his fellow-citizens in all those qualities which went in olden times to form a Roman of the highest type.

But he is little less happy when he dwells on the charms of rural life and scenes, as in the second Epode, of modera-

happier than his, who over Afric's fertile plains in glittering splendour reigns. Though neither do Calabrian bees for me their honey bring, nor for me does wine in Laestrygonian cask mature, nor fleeces grow to richness in my Gallic parks, yet craving poverty is far away. Nor if I wanted more, would you refuse to give. I shall be better able to increase my little means by curbing my desires, than if I joined in one the realms of Alyattes and Mygdonian plains; to those who much demand, that much too often fails: 'tis well with him to whom the deity has given with sparing hand what meets his daily wants.

ODE XVII.

TO ÆLIUS LAMIA.

Ælius, noble scion of the ancient Lamus—since, as 'tis said, the former Lamiae were named from him, and all succeeding sons through trusty records: your origin you draw from him as founder of the house, who first, 'tis said, had held in wide-extended sway the town of Formiae, and Liris flowing through Marica's coasts;—a storm to-morrow, from the East come down, shall strew the grove with many leaves, the shore with useless weed, unless the aged raven, prophetess of rain, deceives me. Pile up the well-dried wood, while yet you may: to-morrow you shall treat your genies to wine and to a hog of two months old, along with your household from their work set free.

end you keep the chosen Massic, well worthy to be broached on an auspicious day—down from your bin descend, for good Corvinus bids me draw a mellower wine. Although he's steeped in deep Socratic lore, he will not in a cynic mood refuse your cheer. Old Cato, it is said, stern as he was in morals, was often warmed with wine. You lend a gentle stimulus to minds 'tis hard to stir, you reveal by cheering wine the cares and secrets of the wise : to minds perplexed you hope restore, and to the poor man give both strength and power, for after you he fears not threatening crests of angry kings, nor soldiers' arms. Bacchus, and Venus if with good will she comes, and Graces loath to loose the bond of Harmony, and wakeful lights shall lengthen out your sway whilst Phœbus with returning beams puts all the stars to flight.

ODE XXII.

TO DIANA.

O Virgin, guardian of the hills and groves, goddess of triple form, who thrice invoked dost lend an ear and save from death young mothers in their labour pangs, let the pine which shades my house to thee be sacred, so that as each year ends its course, I joyfully may offer it the blood of boar, now practising his sidelong strokes.

ODE XXIII.

TO PHIDYLE.

My rustic Phidyle, if at new moon you raise to heaven your suppliant hands, and with frankincense please the gods with first fruits of the year, and with a ravening pig, neither shall your fertile vine the noxious sou-west feel ; nor the

corn, the blighting smut; nor the dear issue of the flock, the sickly time when fruits are gathered in. The sacred victim, now grazing amidst oaks and holms on chilly Algidus, or fattening on Alba's meads, shall with its life's blood stain the pontiff's axe; there is no need for you to coax your tiny gods with slaughtered sheep, if you but garland them with rosemary and tender myrtle. If your hand without a gift¹ has touched the altar, it has appeased th' offended gods with pious offering of meal and crackling salt, and could not please them more by costly victim.

ODE XXIV.

SIMPLICITY OF LIFE.

Though you possess more wealth than may be found in Arab or in Indian stores, as yet untouched, though with your buildings you o'ercrowd the Tuscan and Apulian seas, if cruel Fate fix in your gable-tops her nails of adamant, you shall not free your mind from dread nor head from bonds of death. A better life the nomad Scythians lead, whose wag-gons drag their shifting homes from place to place, as is their wont; and the Getæ, too, by hardships tried, whose lands unmeasured by the rule bear fruits of earth for common use,² and no one tills the soil for longer than a year, but when his toils are done another takes his place on like conditions. There the wife, of guilty thoughts devoid, withholds her hands from step-sons of their mother rest, nor does

¹ "Without a gift," *inmunis*,—i.e., the simple act of devotion is enough. Others take *inmunis* as "free from guilt." But that is scarcely allowable here.

² *Liberas fruges*, either bear crops "free to all the community," or "freely bear fruits of the earth of every kind."

the spouse by dower made bold, her husband rule, nor in a sleek adulterer put trust. The dower they bring is parents' worth, and chastity, based on the marriage bond, which shrinks from other men; "they dare not sin, or if they sin they die." Oh, will some leader strive to end unholy carnage and the madness of the State; if he should wish that "Father of the City" on his statues be inscribed, let him with fearless hand restrain unbridled wickedness, and gain 'mong future men an honoured name. Since, oh impiety, in envious mood we living virtue slight, and with grudges yearn for it in vain when taken hence. What use in bitter plaints if sin is not repressed by punishment? of what avail are legal Acts if moral habits fail to aid? if neither parts of earth fenced in by scorching heat, nor that which borders on the North and snows hard-frozen to the ground, repel the trader; if skilful mariners o'ercome the stormy seas; if poverty, a great disgrace, impels us both to do and suffer all, and leaves the path of virtue, hard to climb? Then let us cast our gems of every kind and useless gold, the source of greatest ills, into the Capitol, where shout of kindly citizens in crowds invites us, or plunge them in the nearest sea, if in truth we sorrow for our crimes. The very elements of greed must be erased, and minds too yielding must be trained by studies more severe. The noble boy, untaught to ride, knows not the way to sit his horse, and fears to join the chase, more skilled in playing with the Grecian hoop, if so you wish, or if you prefer, with dice, forbidden by the laws; while his father's perjured oath strives to deceive his partner and his guest, and hastes to hoard up money for unworthy heirs: in fine, riches increase, persistent still,¹ and the unfinished pile is always lacking somewhat more.

¹ "Persistent still," "*improbæ*," "unsatisfied."

ODE XXV.

TO BACCHUS.

Whither dost thou rush me, Bacchus, full of thee? Into what groves and grottos am I driven, by some strange impulse hurried on? In what lone caves shall I be heard planning to set great Cæsar's glory midst the stars for aye, and at the Council Board of Jove? A new and noble strain I'll sing, unsung as yet by other lips. Just as the sleepless Bacchante stands astonished on the heights, gazing on Hebrus and on Thrace all white with snow, and Rhodope traversed by men of savage mood, so, too, it pleases me, straying I know not where, to look with wonder on the river banks and the unpeopled woods. Lord of the Naiads, and of Bacchantes, who by their strength of arm can overthrow the giant ash, nothing little, nothing lowly, nothing of mortal utterance will I sing. O Lenæus, sweet is the peril to attend the god who with the verdant vine-leaf wreathes his brows.

ODE XXVI.

TO VENUS.

I've spent my life, till lately fitting gallant for the fair, and have waged the wars of love and had my triumphs too: but now this wall which guards the sea-born Venus on the left, shall have my weapons and my lute whose warfare's o'er. Here, lay here, the brilliant torches and the bars and bows that threatened stubborn doors. O goddess who in blissful Cyprus hast thy seat, in Memphis too, where Thracian snows can never come, O Queen of love, with thy uplifted lash touch once, and only once, the haughty Chloe.

ODE XXVII.

TO GALATEA.

May the dire omen of the hooting owl attend the wicked on his way, or pregnant dog, or tawny wolf descending from Lanuvian fields, or new whelped fox. May serpent break his journey just begun, if darting o'er his path like arrow-shaft he terrifies his steeds: for one for whom my fears shall rise, watchful augur will I from the east by prayers invite the prophet crow, before the bird that tells impending showers returns again to stagnant pools. Happy may you be where'er you go, my Galatea, and may you live with still a thought for me, and may no magpie on the left or straying rook forbid your route. But yet you see with what turmoil Orion hastens on his downward path. I know what Hadria's Gulf is when the sky is black, and how deceitful is Iapyx when serene. Let wives and children of our foes feel the blind tumults of the rising south, and roar of darkened main, and the beach when shaken by the lashing surge. So did Europa trust her snow-white side to the deceitful bull, and, bold before, she now grew pale, to see the deep swarming with monsters, and dangers all around. But lately in the meads on flowers intent, and weaving for the nymphs a promised wreath, now in a dusky night she nothing saw but stars and waves. Then soon as she arrived in Crete, in countless cities strong: "Father," she said, "O name of daughter left behind, and filial love by madness crushed! Whence, whither have I come? A single death is far too little for a virgin's sin! In waking thoughts do I bewail a foul offence, or does some empty phantom, which fleeting from the ivory gate brings dreams, mock me still free from stain of guilt? Was it a more inviting course to cross a wide expanse of sea, or pluck the

new-blown flowers? If one would give me in my wrath that horrid bull, I would endeavour with the steel to cut him limb from limb, and smash the monster's horns, lately so loved. Shameless I have left my father's home, shameless do I delay the dues of Orcus. Ye gods, if any of you hear me now, would I might stray defenceless amongst lions! Before some wasting blight should seize my comely cheeks, and ere the sap should from the tender prey descend,¹ I seek while blooming still for tigers to be food. And thus my father in his distant home urges his wish: O base Europa, why do you delay to die? With maiden's belt, so luckily brought forth, you may disjoint your neck hung from this very ash. Or if the rocks and cliffs, all edged for death, delight you more, come, to the whirlwind blast commit yourself, unless, a maid of royal blood, you would prefer to card your mistress' wool, and be the handmaid of some foreign dame."

Here Venus, with a roguish smile, stood by the wailing maid, and Cupid too, with bow unstrung. Then, when of mirth she had enough, "Refrain," she said, "from rage and pettish wrath, for soon the hated bull will offer you his horns to rend. You know not you've become the bride of Jove omnipotent! From sobs desist, and learn to bear with dignity your great estate: half of the globe shall one day bear your name."

ODE XXVIII.

TO LYDE.

What could I better do on Neptune's festal day? Lyde bestir yourself and bring from inner bin the well-stored

¹ "Sap descend."—The idea is a botanical one. She speaks of herself as a plant: the sap descends and leaves the stem and branches faded.

Cæcuban, and violence apply to guarded prudence. You see that noon declines, and as if the fleeting day would halt, you linger from the store to take the loitering cask of consul Bibulus. We shall sing in turn of Neptune and the Nereids with their locks of green: you on the curvèd lyre shall sing in answering strain Latona, and the darts of Cynthia, swift of foot; and to end the song she shall be sung who rules o'er Cnidos and the shining Cyclades, and visits Paphos on her harnessed swans. Night too shall have her well-earned hymn.

ODE XXIX.

TO MÆCENAS.

Mæcenas, sprung from Tuscan kings, long have I had in store for you a cask of mellow wine, ne'er "tipped" before, and blossoms of the rose for wreaths, and for your hair unguent expressly made for you. Tear yourself from all delay: and gaze not for ever on Tibur and its rills,¹ and slopes of Aesula and ridges of Telegonus, the slayer of his sire. Leave for a time a plenty palling to the taste, and your mansion towering to the clouds: Cease to admire the smoke and wealth and din of blessed Rome. Changes are wont to please the rich; and cleanly meals beneath a poor man's roof, without the hangings and the purple couch, have oft removed the wrinkles from the anxious brow. And now the father of Andromeda the fair shows bright the orb he erst had hid; now Procyon flames with fiery heat, and the furious Lion's scorching star, as Sol brings round again the days of drought. And now the shepherd, tired and worn, makes for the stream and shade with languid flock, and for the tangled thickets of the rough Silvanus: and the quiet

¹ "And its rills," *udum*, i.e., moist, well watered, never dry.

bank is still unswept by wandering winds. You deeply think with zealous care what policy may best befit the State, and anxious for the City's weal you dread what schemes the Seres may devise, and Bactra once by Cyrus ruled, and Tanais with quarrels rife. The Deity in wisdom hides in thickest night the issues of the years to come, and smiles if man is worried overmuch. Forget not to control the present with a mind composed: all else is carried onward like a stream, now gliding calmly in its central bed down to the Tuscan sea, now whirling in one seething flood the severed rocks and upturned trees, and flocks of sheep, and homes of men, with no small din of mountains' roar and of the neighbouring woods, when the wild deluge in its mad career rouses to fury peaceful streams. He spends his life with self-command and happy mind who day by day can say, "I've life enjoyed: to-morrow Father Jove may hide the sky with pitchy clouds or light it with a brilliant sun; but yet he cannot render vain what's past, nor alter or undo what fleeting time has once brought round." Delighting in her cruel work, and ever keen to play the tyrant's game, Fortune with changing whim her honours, never sure, bestows—to me now kind, now to another. I praise her while she's with me, but if she moves her rapid wings I pay her back all that she gave, and in my virtue wrap myself, and as my bride seek honest poverty without a dower. If the mast should moan by southern winds, it's not my way to have recourse to abject prayers, and by vows to bargain that my goods from Cyprus and from Tyre should not add treasures to the greedy sea. At such a time the breeze and Pollux with his brother twin shall bear me through Ægean swells, safe in the keeping of a two-oared skiff.

ODE XXX.

THE POET'S IMMORTAL FAME.

A monument I've reared more durable than brass, and loftier than the princely structure of the pyramids, which neither biting rain can overthrow, nor fierce north wind nor lapse of countless years and flight of time. I shall not wholly die, and all my better part shall Libitina shun : I shall increase in after-fame with glory ever fresh, long as the priest shall mount the Capitol with silent vestal. Where Aufidus roars loudly down his bed, and where king Daunus on a thirsty soil ruled over rustic tribes, I, raised to fame from humble place, shall be pronounced the first¹ that fitted Aeolia's lyric songs to strains of Italy. Take as thine own, Melpomene, the pride my merit claims, and of thy grace my head entwine with Delphic bay.

¹ Either "I shall be said by those living on the Aufidus" : or "I shall be said to be the first who by the banks of Aufidus suited Aeolia's songs," etc.

BOOK IV.

ODE I.

TO VENUS.

Venus, do you again stir up the wars, long broken off? Spare me, I pray, I pray. I'm not the man I was beneath the sway of gentle Cinara. Imperious mother of sweet Loves, oh cease by silken reins to guide and wheel a steed now hard of mouth and close on fifty years. Go where the coaxing prayers of youth invite you to return. Borne on the wings of lustrous swans thou'lt hasten to the home of Maximus, and revel there more fitly, if thou seek'st to fire a breast open to ardent love; for he, a youth of noble birth and graceful form, and eloquent for clients in distress, and with an hundred arts endowed, shall bear afar thy warfare's flag; and when, victorious o'er his rival's lavish gifts, he laughs with glee, he shall erect a marble bust of thee beneath a citron dome by Alba's lake. There shalt thou inhale sweet odours plentiful, and shalt delight thyself with mingled strains of lyre and Phrygian pipe and flageolet. There twice a day shall youths and maidens fair in Salian fashion beat the earth in triple time with snow-white feet, and praise thy power divine. But me, nor maid, nor youth, nor too fond hope of mutual love can now delight, nor care I to contend in wine-carouse, nor bind my temples with the new pluckt flowers. But Ligurinus! why, oh why, do tears now and then course down my cheeks? Why fails my fluent tongue at every word, with silence scarcely meet?

Thee in my dreams by night I clasp in my embrace : thee in swift flight I follow o'er the Campus' sward, thee, hard of heart, through yielding waters I pursue.

ODE II.

TO ANTONIUS JULUS.

Julus, the man who aims to rival Pindar poises himself in air on waxen wings secured by art of Dædalus, destined ere long to give the glassy deep a noted name. Just as a river rushes down the mountain's side, swollen by rains above its wonted banks, even so doth Pindar boil and onward rush with vast, unfathomable tide of song, worthy to be gifted with Apollo's bays, whether in daring dithyrambs he tumbles down strange words, or hurries on in verses free from rule : or sings of gods, and kings, the seed of gods, by whom the Centaurs fell in death deserved, by whom was quenched the dread Chimaera's flame : or if he speaks of those whom victory on Elis' plain brings to their homes as very gods on earth, athlete or steed, and bestows a boon more prized than countless statues ; or if he wails some youth torn from his weeping bride and to the stars extols his strength, his courage, and his morals pure as gold, and grudges gloomy Orcus such a prize. A strong and swelling breeze lifts Dirce's Swan aloft whene'er, Antonius, he soars to higher regions of the sky. But I, in habit and in manner a Matinian bee, which gathers with much toil the pleasing thyme, make laboured verses with my humble wit, around the woods and banks of Tibur and its many rills. A poet thou of higher strain shalt sing of Cæsar, when with the well-earned laurel deck'd he drags the fierce Sygambri up the sacred steep ;—than whom the Fates and blessed Gods have given to earth no greater and no better gift, nor will they give, even though

our times return to golden years of old. Of festal days, too, shalt thou sing and public games, for valiant Cæsar's safe return, in answer to our prayers, and for the courts, from lawsuits free. Then if aught I speak a hearing claims, my voice with hearty note¹ shall join the general applause, and in delight that Cæsar's come again, thee I shall sing of, glorious Day, O worthy to be praised, and whilst thou, Triumph-God, on in procession mov'st, not once but often shall the city shout with one accord, "Io Triumphe," and we shall offer incense to the bounteous gods. Thee from thy vows ten bulls, ten cows shall free, me a young steer shall loose, which in wide pastures, having left his dam, now to a bull matures, to pay my vow; whose horns are like the moon when three days old; snowwhite to view where he has got a mark, but tan in other parts.

ODE III.

TO MELPOMENE.

What man thou, at his birth, Melpomene, hast once beheld with favouring eye, the Isthmian toil shall not make famous in the "ring," nor shall high-mettled steed return him victor in a Grecian car, nor shall the deeds of battle show him to the Capitol, adorned with Delian bays, because he crushed the boastful threats of kings: but the streams that flow by fertile Tibur and the woods' dense foliage shall make him famed for Lyric verse. The sons of Rome, first of all cities, see good to place me in the sacred roll of bards, and now I'm less assailed by envy's tooth. O Muse that rul'st the golden lyre's sweet sounds, O thou that to the speechless fish canst at thy pleasure give the swan's sweet note, 'tis to

¹ "With hearty note"—literally, "a large part of my voice." On this disputed passage see the annotated editions.

thy bounty due that by the finger of the passer-by I'm pointed out as minstrel of the Roman lyre: that I have breath of poet, and that I please, if please I do, is thine.

ODE IV.

THE PRAISES OF DRUSUS.

Just as at first the fire of youth and native force from the nest urged forth, still ignorant of life, the bird that bears Jove's bolts—to whom the King of Gods has given dominion o'er the fowls of air, having proved him trusty in his charge of Ganymede of golden locks—whom next the winds of spring (the winter storms now past) have taught, though timid still, unwonted efforts of the wing, and whom a lightning swoop soon hurls on sheepfolds as a deadly foe, but whom again the love of feast and fight has now against the wriggling serpents forced: or as a lion, fresh from the udder of his tawny dam and of his milk deprived, whom the goat on joyous herbage bent has just caught sight of when on the point of falling victim to his virgin tooth: such as him, the Rhaetian Vindelici saw Drusus as he warred beneath the Alpine heights; whose custom—whence it came I failed to ask, nor is it right that all things we should know—equips their hands against the foe through every age with Amazonian axe: but their hosts, for many years, on many fields, victorious, conquered in turn by youthful hero's skill, felt what intellect could do, what talents fostered in a happy home, what Caesar's love, warm as a father's, to the Neros, could effect. From brave and good the brave and good are sprung: the merits of their sires survive in steers, survive in horses too, nor do the eagles, bold and fierce, bring forth the timorous doves; but learning quickens inborn power, and honest

culture nerves the heart. As soon as public morals fail vices degrade fair nature's worth. What debt you, Romans, to the Neros owe, Metaurus river testifies, and Hasdrubal o'erthrown, and that great day for Latium bright, the gloom dispelled, which was the first to smile with blessed victory, ever since the dreaded African rushed through Italian towns as fire through pines, or Eurus o'er Sicilian waves. Thereafter Roman youth grew more successful in their bold exploits, and temples wasted by impious Punic raids, again received their gods erect, and then at length the faithless Hannibal thus spoke; as stags, the prey of ravening wolves, we needlessly pursue the men whom to elude by flight is triumph rare. That race which tossed on Tuscan seas bore bravely on to Italy from flaming Troy their gods, their sons, and aged sires, like oak lopped by the sturdy axe in Algidus where dusky leaves abound, through losses and through wounds derives new strength and spirit from the very steel. Not sounder did the Hydra, cut in twain, grow ever and anon 'gainst Hercules, who brooked not to be foiled, nor did the Colchians, or Echion's Thebes produce a greater wonder. Plunge it in the depths, it comes forth brighter than before; strive with it, amidst great applause it will o'erthrow the victor, fresh and strong, and will wage wars, for wives to speak of. No more, now, shall I send to Carthage boastful news; fallen, fallen, are all the hope and fortune of our name with fall of Hasdrubal.

There's nothing that the Claudian line cannot effect, which Jupiter himself with power benign defends, and Cæsar's forethought safely steers through all anxieties of war.

ODE V.

TO AUGUSTUS.

Best guardian of the Roman race, born when the gods were kind, you stay away, now far too long ; a quick return you promised to the Fathers' Sacred "House" ; oh, then, at once come back. Kind leader, to your country now restore its light and hope ; for like the spring, when-soe'er your countenance has shone with brightness on our path, the day goes happier and the sunlight seems more pure. As with omens, vows, and prayers a mother seeks her son's return—whom Notus with his surly blasts from his dear home detains, kept longer than his annual stay beyond Carpathian waves—nor turns she from the winding shore her steady gaze ; so, smitten with sincere regrets his country longs for Cæsar. When you are here the ox in safety walks the meads : Ceres and bounteous Plenty still richer make the fields : the sailors scud securely o'er a peaceful¹ sea : Faith shrinks from thought of blame : by no intrigues are honest homes defiled : habits and laws have stamped out every taint of crime : mothers are praised for children like their sire : and punishment, a close attendant, treads on the heels of crime. Who, while Cæsar lives, would dread the Parthian or frost-chilled Scythian, who, the brood which rugged Germans rear ? Who would regard the war of savage Spain ? Each citizen concludes the day midst hills he calls his own, and to the widowed elm-trees trains his vines : and then in joy of heart he to his wine returns, and at the second course invokes you as a god. You with many a prayer, you with wine from goblets poured he worships, and with the Lares joins your name, like Greece in pious memory of Castor and of mighty Hercules. O gracious prince, would that to Italy

¹ Peaceful, *i.e.* freed from pirates.

you would vouchsafe long holidays ! At early morn, while day is fresh, in sober mood we pray this prayer. At eve we pray it, flushed with wine, when Sol beneath the ocean sinks.

ODE VI.

HYMN TO APOLLO.

O Deity, whom, as avenger of a vaunting tongue, the seed of Niobe were doomed to feel, and Tityus, the lustful ravisher, and brave Achilles, Phthia's son, well-nigh the conqueror of lofty Troy, mightier than others but for you less than a match, though, warrior bold, the son of sea-born Thetis shook with awful spear the Dardan towers. He like a pine felled by the biting steel, or as a cypress by strength of Eurys whelmed, "lay large and long," and bent his neck in Trojan dust. Prisoned in the horse that basely feigned Minerva's sacred gift, he would have spurned to fall by stealth upon the Trojans in their ill-timed holiday, and on Priam's house all-joyous in the dance ; but openly to captives merciless, woe's me ! woe's me ! what awful deed, he would have burned in Grecian fires the speechless child, even him still lying in his mother's womb : had not the Father of the Gods, by your entreaties and by those of Venus swayed, granted to Æneas' fortunes other walls with better omens reared. Phœbus, god of the lyre, who taught the Muse Thalia silver tones, who in Xanthus' stream dost bathe thy locks, youthful Agyieus, defend the honour of the Roman Muse. Me Phœbus has inspired, to me has Phœbus given the name of poet and the art of song ; maidens of highest rank, and youths from noble fathers sprung, Diana's special care, who with her bow checks in their flight the stag and lynx, preserve the Lesbian

measure and observe with care the beat my thumb directs, singing in order due Latona's son, in order due the moon with crescent light, ripener of crops, and swift in rolling on the hasting months. Some day you'll say, when now a bride; "when the revolving year brought on the festal times, I sang a hymn which pleased the gods, well trained in strains of Horace, poet dear."

ODE VII.

TO TORQUATUS.

The snows have fled, the grass now to the plains returns, and foliage to the trees; the land its changes undergoes, and the rivers course within their banks with lessening streams. The Graces with the Nymphs now dare to lead abroad their choirs in light array. The passing year, and flight of time which hurries on the blessed day, give warning that we must not hope for things that perish not. The cold is mollified by western winds; the summer, destined itself to die, tramples on spring, as soon as fruitful autumn sheds its yield, and winter soon returns again with all its want of life. But yet the swift recurring moons repair the losses of the skies; while we, when once we sink where sire Æneas sank and Ancus and rich Tullus too, are nought but dust and shadow. Who knows if heavenly gods are adding to our morrow's hours the total of to-day? All that to pleasure you shall give shall 'scape the clutch of greedy heirs. When once, Torquatus, you are dead, and Minos shall have passed on you his lordly doom, nor rank, nor eloquence, nor piety shall give you back to earth; for not Diana's self frees from infernal gloom the chaste Hippolytus, nor from his dear Pirithous has Theseus power to wrench Lethean bonds.

ODE VIII.

TO CENSORINUS.

To comrades, Censorinus, would I goblets give with right good will, and works in bronze, to suit their taste, and tripods too, rewards of valiant Greeks, nor those the meanest gifts that you should gain, were I but rich in gems of art, like those which Scopas and Parrhasius made—he skilled to form in stone, and he in liquid tints, a mortal man or even a god. But I have not the means, nor does your wealth or taste such dainties seek. In poems you delight : poems I can give and name their value, too. Not marble carved by order of the State, in which both soul and life return to heroes after death, nor hurried flight and braggart threats of Hannibal, on Hannibal flung back, nor fires of impious Carthage, can tell more clearly than Calabrian Muse, the fame of him who gained from conquered Africa a lasting name ; nor if the written page should fail to tell your deeds well done, would you receive a due reward. What now would be the son of Ilia and of Mars, if jealous silence hid the meeds of Romulus ? His merits, and the public voice, and words of mighty bards wrest Æacus from Stygian waves, and make for him a lasting home in Islands of the blest. The Muse forbids that he who praise deserves should ever die. The Muse secures his happiness by gift of heaven. And thus it is that Hercules of restless might enjoys the envied feasts of Jove, and so it is that sons of Tyndarus, a constellation bright, rescue from lowest depths the shattered ship : and so, too, Bacchus, his temples deck'd with vine leaf, brings to a happy issue faithful prayers.

ODE IX.

TO LOLLIUS.

Lest haply you should think the words are doom'd to die, which I, born on the banks of roaring Ausidus, adapt to music of the lyre by arts unknown before;—though Homer of Maeonian stock obtains the foremost place, yet the Pindaric and the Cean Muse, and strains of bold Alcaeus, which threatened tyrant kings, and stately lines of old Stesichorus retain their fame: nor has Time destroyed Anacreon's sportive lays of long ago:—love still breathes fresh, and passions live still warm, confided to the lyre of the Aeolian maid. To love not Argive Helen only was inflamed by gallant's well-trimmed locks, and gold bespangled robes, and by array of royal pomp; nor was Teucer first to aim his arrows from Cydonian bow; nor was a Troy but once besieged.

Idomeneus, in battle strong, and Sthenelus the brave, were not the only chiefs who fought great battles worthy to be sung; nor was the fearless Hector or Deiphobus of mettle keen, the first to feel a fatal wound for children and for faithful wife. Before King Agamemnon's day brave men were found in plenty, but all are whelmed in endless night, unwept, unknown, because they lacked a sacred bard. Valour concealed scarce differs aught from cowardice entombed. Lollus, I will not pass you by in silence, unhonoured in my verse, nor lightly bear that the neglect, of envy bred, should mar the credit of your many toils. You have a mind well-skilled in life's affairs, and of unshaken nerve in weal or woe, swift to punish greed and wrong, and proof 'gainst gold that all things to itself attracts; consul too you stand, not of one year alone, but oft, as like a good

and faithful judge,¹ it prefers honour to gain, and with contemptuous looks rejects the bribes of guilty men, and bears its arms victorious through opposing hosts. You would not rightly call him happy who possesses much: far better does he claim the name of "happy man" who knows to use with wisdom heaven's gifts, and how to bear the pinch of poverty; who dreads dishonour more than death, who's not afraid to die for well-loved friends and fatherland.

ODE X.

TO LIGURINUS.

Still hard of heart and strong in Venus' gifts, when down shall come, unwished for, on your pride, and when the locks which on your shoulders float have fallen to the barber's clip, and the complexion, richer than the bloom of blushing rose, shall by its change have altered Ligurinus to a stubbly face, as oft as in the mirror you behold yourself, another man, you thus will say: "Why had I not in boyhood's days that mind I now possess, or why with present feelings do not beardless cheeks return?"

ODE XI.

TO PHYLLIS.

I have a cask of Alban wine, of nine years old and more; and in my garden, Phyllis, parsley grows for weaving chaplets; of ivy there is plenteous store, with which, when you have bound your hair, you look so bright; the house all glitters with the polished plate; the altar with the sacred vervain

¹ "It," *i.e.*, *animus* of line 34. The mind and the man himself are somewhat mixed up.

deck'd longs to be sprinkled with the blood of slaughtered lamb ; all hands are hurrying on the work ; the boys and girls rush about from place to place ; the flames in bustling haste whirl up the grimy smoke in wreathing coil. But yet, to let you know the joys to which you're called,—the Ides are to be kept by you, the day that cuts in two the month of April, dear to the sea-born Venus—a day observed by me, more sacred almost than the one that gave me birth, because 'tis from this day my loved Maecenas counts successive years. Telephus, at whom you aim, a youth above your rank, a rich and sprightly girl has won, and holds him hard and fast in pleasing chains. Scorched Phaëthon deters from soaring hopes ; and winged Pegasus, who scorned to bear Bellerophon, a knight of earth, affords a solemn proof that you should seek what best befits your state, and an unequal match avoid, by deeming it a sin to hope for what you may not have. Come, then, the very last of all my loves,—for henceforth none shall fire my heart—some measures learn with me which you may render with your charming voice : your songs shall lessen gloomy cares.

ODE XII.

TO VIRGILIUS.

Now Thracian winds which wait on spring and calm the sea, begin to swell the sails ; now neither are the meadows stiff with frost, nor do the rivers brawl, swollen by melting of the winter snows. The hapless bird now builds her nest, which piteously laments the fate of Itys, and is a lasting blot on Cecrop's house, because she cruelly avenged the brutal lusts of Kings. The shepherds midst the young fresh grass play tunes upon the pipe and charm the god who takes delight in flocks and in Arcadia's dusky hills.

Virgil, the season of the year brings thirst ; but if you choose to quaff the vintage pressed at Cales, client as you are of noble youths, you shall deserve your wine by gift of spike-nard. A tiny box of nard will easily draw forth a goodly cask, now lying in Sulpicius' stores, fully fit new hopes to raise, and warranted to banish bitter cares. Then if for joys like those you're keen, come quickly with your share : I don't intend that free of cost you'll mellow on my cups, as though I were a wealthy man in well-filled house. But put aside delays and eager haste for gain ; and mindful of the funeral fires, mix short-lived folly, while you may, with graver plans. To play the fool is pleasant, at a time.

ODE XIII.

TO LYCE.

Lyce, the gods have heard my prayer, the gods have heard me, Lyce. You're getting old and yet you wish to figure as a belle, and with a shameless face you sport and drink, and when "well-drunk" you call on laggard Love with quavering voice. On blooming Chia's pretty cheeks, skilled as she is in song, he vigil keeps. For with provoking slight he passes by the withered oaks, and at sight of you recoils, because your blackened teeth, your wrinkles, and your snowy head make you a fright indeed. Now neither robes of Coan tint, nor gems of brilliant hue, restore to you the days which fleeting Time has put aside and lodged in musty Calendars. Where has your beauty fled? Where your complexion? Where your graceful movements? What is there now of Lyce left, that charming Lyce, who breathed forth love, who stole my heart and soul away and made me quite "beside myself"—once a

form with beauty blessed, next Cinara herself, well known to all, and graced with every winning way? But to Cinara the Fates gave years both few and brief, to keep alive long while old Lyce, matching the record of the dotard crow; that ardent youths might see, with laughter loud, the once bright torch to ashes wasted quite.

ODE XIV.

TO AUGUSTUS.

Augustus, greatest of chiefs where'er the sun lights up the habitable globe, what zealous care of Senate or of Roman people can ever hope by honours adequate to hand your virtues down to distant times, by carvings on memorial stone or lasting annals of the State? Your might in war Vindelic hosts, free heretofore from Latin rule, have lately learned to feel. For valiant Drusus with your veterans has crushed the bold Genauni, savage race, and Breuni swift in flight, and levelled to the ground their castles perched on giddy Alpine heights, with slaughter more than double what they dealt: then, later on, the elder Nero fought a stubborn fight, and, with your fortune's star, subdued the giant Raeti—a wondrous sight to see, with what destruction in the fray of Mars he overcame those hearts that to a freeman's death were pledged: just such as when the south winds lash the “tameless” waves, —the Pleiads shining through the riven clouds: untiring he to scourge the foe's brigades and through the midst of fires to urge his furious steed: so rolls the bull-formed Aufidus, which drains the kingdom of Apulian Daunus, when it roars in flood and threatens devastation, vast and wide, to the well-cultured fields, as Claudius destroyed the steel-clad lines of the barbarian host with mighty shock, and mowing down from

front to rear he strewed the ground with dead, victor with little loss, you giving troops and counsel and your favouring gods. For just three lustra after Alexandria had humbly opened wide to you her harbours and her empty halls, kind Fortune brought a happy issue to the war, and to your past campaigns has added glory, and the wished-for wreath. You the Cantabrian, never tamed before, the Mede, the Indian and the Nomad Scyth, regard with awe, O Gracious Guard of Italy and Sovereign Rome. The Nile who hides his fountain head, the Danube and the Tigris, swift as arrow's speed, obey you: and the sea, of monsters full, which roars on coasts of Britain, far away: the men of Gaul that dread not death, the hardy Spaniard, and the Sygambri, who delight in blood, have sheathed the sword and pay you homage due.

ODE XV.

TO AUGUSTUS.

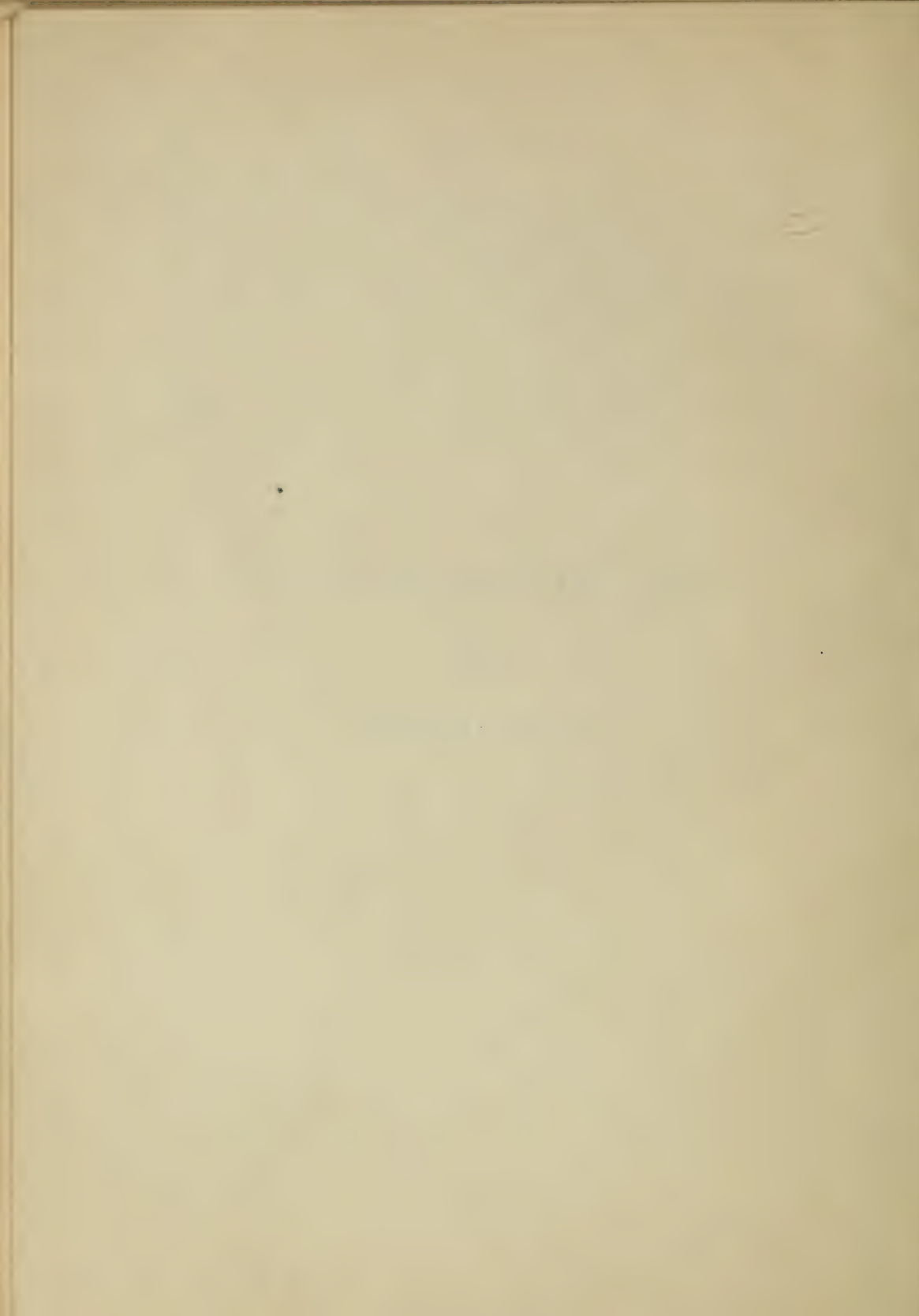
When on my lyre I wished to tell of battles fought and cities sacked, Apollo sternly warned me not to spread my sails on the Etruscan main. Your Age, O Cesar, has to our land brought back abundant crops and to our Jove restored the standards wrenched from haughty Parthian fanes: and closed the doors of Roman Janus, free from war, and curbed the licence which exceeds due bounds, and stamped out crime, and brought again the virtues of the good old days, by which the Latin name and power of Italy have grown so great, and the Empire's fame and glory spread to rising of the sun from where he sets. While Cesar guards the State, no civil broil nor violence shall banish our repose, nor passion's rage which forges swords, and, to their misery, sets cities by the ears. Not those who drink from Danube's

depths shall break the Julian laws ; not Getæ, nor the Seric hordes, nor faithless Parthians, nor those reared up on banks of Scythian Don. Then let us, both on common and on festal days, amidst the gifts of mirthful Bacchus, with children and with wife pray to the gods, and as our fathers did, in strains joined to the notes of Lydian flute sing of our chiefs who “lived their lives like men”; of Troy, too, and Anchises, and the seed of bounteous Venus.

THE CARMEN SECULARE

AND

THE EPODES



INTRODUCTION.

I. THE SECULAR HYMN

The Ludi Seculares were not held at the end of each century, as the name would imply, but at irregular intervals, on the occurrence of some great event, or for the purpose of marking an extraordinary epoch. The hymn sung on such occasions was called the "Carmen Seculare." Horace was chosen by Augustus as the "Poet Laureate" at the celebration of the Ludi in B.C. 17: and his poem is not unworthy of the great Lyrist, or of the choice made by the Emperor.

These games seem to have been called the Ludi Tarentini, or Terentini, or Taurii, in republican times, but during the Empire the name was changed to Ludi Seculares, or "Century Games." Their origin is by some ascribed to Valerius Publicola, in 509-8 B.C. It is said that they were instituted to avert a plague, and that they were held in honour of Dis and Proserpina. From the time of Valerius Publicola down to Augustus they were held only three times, but there are no data to prove in what year or on what occasion these celebrations took place. No doubt they were held at this time to give éclat and a sort of national sanction to the move which Cæsar had recently made in assuming supreme power, for a second period.

But this celebration by Augustus was very different

from those of republican times. Dis and Pro erpine who in former days were the chief Deities were now relegated to the very end of the list of those to whom sacrifices were offered. The festival was held in summer and continued for three days and three nights. On the first day, games were held in the Tarentum, a part of the Campus Martius, which, as it was said, had belonged to Tarquinius Superbus, and sacrifices were offered to many of the gods. The Emperor himself began the solemn part of the proceedings at the second hour of the night by offering three lambs to the Parcæ, on three altars specially erected. The blood of the victims was sprinkled on these and the carcases were burned.

A sort of theatre was constructed in the Tarentum in which festive hymns were sung, and other ceremonies performed, including theatrical pieces. "During the morning of the first day the people went to the Capitol to offer sacrifices to Jupiter; thence they returned to the Tarentum to sing choruses in honour of Diana and Apollo. On the second day the noblest matrons assembled on the Capitol, performed supplications, sang hymns to the gods, and visited the altar of Juno. The Emperor, and the Quindecemviri (who kept the Sibylline books, and who had ordered this celebration) offered sacrifices, which had been before vowed, to the great Divinities. On the third day Greek and Latin choruses were sung in the sanctuary of Apollo, by three times nine boys and as many maidens of great beauty whose parents were still alive." These hymns implored the favour of the gods for all the interests of the empire. One of these at the games of 17 B.C. was the *Carmen Seculare* of Horace.

In later times there were celebrations in the reigns of Claudius and of Domitian. The last was that of Philipppus, A.D. 248.

II. THE EPODES.

The term Epode designated, in later times, a poem in which a shorter verse followed a longer one; strictly it meant the shorter line only, which was a sort of ἐπὶ ῥόδῳ or echo of the longer one. It is thus applied to any of the odes included in this "Liber Epodon," or Liber v. of the Odes. Horace himself calls these Odes not Epodes but Iambi.

The Epodes seem to have been written when Horace was comparatively young, and about the same time as his earliest Satires. They have certain characteristics in common with the Satires, such as acerbity and animosity; but they do not deal in generalities like the Satires, they delight rather in personalities, as in X. against Maevius, and in IV. against some man of low birth and upbringing who gave himself airs: and against Canidia and horrid rites. No. XI. in praise of country life, and XVI. deploring the misfortune and the sin of civil war, are of a totally different type. Most of them would seem to have been written between the battle of Philippi and that off Actium.

THE CARMEN SECULARE.

O Phœbus, and Diana, sovereign of the woods, bright ornament of heaven, adored and still to be adored, O grant what at this sacred time we ask, a time at which the Sibyl's verses have advised that youths and maidens, choice and pure, should sing a hymn in honour of the gods with whom the Seven Hills have favour found.

O bounteous Sun, who with thy glittering car dost usher in the light and hide it too, and who from day to day com'st forth afresh—another, yet the same, nought may'st thou ever see more glorious than Rome. O Ilithyia, kind to make way for timely births, preserve all mothers, whether thou prefer'st Lucina as thy name, or wishest Genitalis. O Goddess, rear up for us a race of manly men, and with their aid support the Senate's laws for female wedlock and for marriage rites teeming with offspring, so that a perfect cycle, ten times eleven years, may again bring round the hymns, and again renew the sports with thronging crowds for three bright days and three as pleasing nights. And you, O Fates, truthful to tell what once has been decreed, and what the changeless end confirms, join happy destinies to those already past. Let Earth, which yields both fruits and flocks, gift Ceres with a wreath of corn, and may refreshing rain and healthful breeze from upper air nourish the produce of the fields.

Apollo, mild and gentle with arrow laid aside, hear thou the suppliant youths! O Moon, two-horned queen of stars, the maidens hear! If Rome's your handiwork, and if the bands of Troy gained footing on Etruscan shores—that remnant bid to change, with safe career, their city and their homes—for whom the good Æneas, saved from his country's fall, secured an open way through burning Troy, unscathed both he and they, to give them more than they had left behind. Ye Gods, give upright morals to our willing youth, give peace and quiet to their calm old age: give to the race of Romulus prosperity, and offspring, and every honour. And what the noble son of Venus and Anchises prays you for to-day with snow-white bulls, let him obtain, in fight superior, but gentle to the prostrate foe. The Parthian now fears our armies powerful by land and sea, and to our Alban fasces pays respect. And now the Scythian and the Indian, lately proud, beg in humility to know our sovereign will.

Now Faith, and Peace, and Glory, and Purity of early days, and Virtue, long in disrepute, dare to return, and Plenty happy with her well-filled horn appears. May Phœbus as our seer, decked with his glittering bow, by the nine Muses loved, who by his healing art relieves the body's wearied limbs, if with a kindly eye he views the altars of the Palatine, prolong the Roman State and Latium's weal for yet another lustrum and an ever happier age. And may Diana hear, who in Mount Aventine and Algidus holds sway, who heeds the Quindecemvirs' prayers, and to the supplications of the young accords a friendly ear.

We, the choir, taught to sing the praise of Phœbus and Diana both, bear to our homes a sure and certain hope that Jove and all the Gods with one consent approve our earnest prayers.

THE EPODES

EPODE I.

TO MAECENAS.

O dear Maecenas, you mean to venture in Liburnian craft among the towering Men-of-War, ready to face all Cæsar's dangers at peril of your life. And what of me, to whom, if you survive, existence is a joy,—if otherwise, a load? Shall I, then, as you bid, pursue an easy life to give no pleasure save with you—or shall I brave this toil with that resolve which all but cowards ought? I'll brave it, and with a dauntless heart will follow you o'er Alpine heights; or over savage Caucasus; or even to the farthest bay of western shores. You well may ask how I can aid your labours by my own; unwarlike as I am and void of strength? When by your side I shall feel less the dread which haunts the absent with more potent force: just as a bird when waiting on her tiny brood fears more for them, when left, the serpents' trail, not that were she near she present help could lend. Right gladly will I serve in this and every war for surer hope to gain your favour,—not that my plough may strive and strain, when yoked to more and stronger steers, or that my flocks before the Dog-Star heat may change Apulian for Lucanian "runs";¹ nor that my country house may stand in glittering show by lofty Tusculum's

¹ "Runs," *i.e.* ranges of pasture.

Circæan walls. Enough and more your bounty has enriched me ; forbid it, heaven, that I should hoard what as a niggard Chremes I might bury in the earth, or wildly squander as a spendthrift rake.

EPODE II.

A COUNTRY LIFE.

Happy is he, who far from business cares, like men in early days, tills with his steers his fathers' fields, from every usurer free : nor as a soldier is he startled by the brawling trumpet note ; nor as a trader does he dread an angry sea : he shuns the Courts of Law, and the proud portals of citizens in power. And so he either weds the lofty poplar to the saplings of the vine ; or in sequestered Vale surveys his herds of cattle as they roam : or lopping with his knife the useless boughs inserts more thriving grafts ; or in clean jars he stores the honey from the combs withdrawn ; or shears the gentle sheep : or when the Autumn has from the soil put forth its head with mellow fruit adorned, how he delights to pluck the pears he grafted, and cull the grape that rivals purple dye, with which your service to reward, Priapus, and yours, father Silvanus, who the sacred landmarks guard. Sometimes he's pleased to lie beneath an aged holm, sometimes upon the soft and matted grass.

Meanwhile the water in deep channels flows : in the woods the birds send forth their varied cries, and fountains murmur with their welling rills, which light and gentle slumber may invite.

But when the winter time of thundering Jove collects its snows and showers, either with many a dog on this side and on that he drives the furious boars to the opposing

toils, or sets his wide-meshed nets with polished poles, snares for the greedy thrush; or catches in his gin the timid hare and cranes from over sea, a welcome prey. What man is there who midst pursuits like these forgets not worrying cares which love brings forth?

But if a chaste and loving wife on her part keeps the house and rears sweet children up, like Sabine dame or sunburnt spouse of brisk Apulian, piling the sacred hearth with seasoned wood against her wearied lord's return, and shutting in the osier pen her healthy flock exhausts their swelling teats: and drawing from the well-cleansed cask the wine of this year's growth, prepares a homely meal: no shell-fish from the Lucrine lake would please me more, nor scar nor turbot, if a tempest howling over eastern waves brings any to our sea: I would not eat with more delight the guinea fowl, nor heathcock from Ionian moor, than olives plucked from richest boughs or sorrel plant that loves the meads, and mallows good for sickly frames, or lamb at Terminalia slain, or kid just rescued from the ravening wolf.

Amidst these feasts how nice it is to see the pastured sheep all hurrying home: the wearied oxen dragging with their languid necks th' inverted share, and the menials seated round the glistening Lares, proof of a wealthy home?

When Alfius the usurer had spoken thus, intending all at once to be a country squire, he called in all his money on the Ides—but on the Kalends he seeks again to put it out on loan.

EPODE III.

TO MAECENAS.

If ever man should strangle with an impious hand his aged sire, let him be fed on garlic, than hemlock deadlier

far. What iron stomachs must our reapers have! What drug is this that on my vitals wreaks its hate? Has vipers' blood among these herbs been mixed, unknown to me? Or did Canidia dress the deadly dish? Medea, when she loved their noble chief 'bove all the Argo's crew, with this anointed Jason as he went to bind the bulls with yokes, till then unknown. By presents smeared with this she on her rival took revenge,—then fled away on serpents' wings. Nor ever did such misty heat from flaming stars brood on Apulia's arid plains: nor did the fatal gift more fiercely burn on strong Alcides' frame. But, friend Maecenas, you who love your joke, if you ever covet aught like this, I hope your Love may with her hand prevent your kiss and lay her down at farthest corner of the couch.

EPODE IV.

TO MENAS.

Such enmity as falls by nature to the lot of wolves and lambs, so great is mine to you—you whose back is wealed by Spanish lash, whose legs by hard unyielding fetters have been galled. Although you walk with purse-proud step, your fortune does not change your race. Do you not see that as you pace the Sacred Street in robe twice three ells broad, the unrestrained disgust of those that come and go turns on you every scoffing eye? This wretch (they say) cut by the lash of triumvirs even till the crier wearied, now farms a thousand acres of Falernian land, and with his steeds wears down the Appian Way, and in despite of Otho sits in the foremost rows, a mighty knight! What good is it that beak-bowed ships of massive size are sent 'gainst pirates and 'gainst bands of slaves, if he or such as he is Military Tribune?

EPODE V.

CANIDIA, THE SORCERESS.

But, O ye gods, who rule in heaven the earth and human kind, what does this tumult mean? And why are all their eyes turned fierce on me alone? You by your children I adjure, if e'er Lucina when invoked was present at a real birth, by this bootless purple robe I pray, by Jove who will condemn all this, why do you gaze at me with step-dame's glare, or as a wild beast by the spear assailed?

When the boy had thus complained with trembling lips, and in the midst of these stood still, his marks of rank stripped off—a tender frame, such as might touch the savage Thracian heart,—Canidia, her hair and unkempt head entwined with tiny snakes, orders that wild-fig stems up-torn from dead men's graves, the funeral cypress, eggs of the nightly screech-owl, and plumage too, besmeared with blood of loathsome toad, and plants which Iolcos, and Hiberia fruitful in poisons, send, and bones snatched from the mouth of famished dog, should all be burned in magic fires.

But Sagana with kilted dress, sprinkling through all the house Avernian water, bristles up with hair on end, like the sea urchin's spines, or as the mane of running boar.

Veia, nowise deterred by conscious guilt, dug up the ground with sturdy spade—groaning o'er the toil in which the boy immured might pine and waste at sight of food, changed often in the tedious day, whilst he projected with his face as far as swimmer's body overtops the water, as if suspended by the chin; that his marrow and his liver parched and dry might be cut out and then become a lover's potion,

soon as e'er his eyeballs, fixed on the food debarred, had been dissolved.

Both Naples, lounge of idlers, and every village near, believed that Folia of Ariminum, a hag of keenest lust, failed not to act her part,—she who draws down the stars from heaven and even the moon by magic voice. Here fell Canidia, gnawing her unpared nail with livid tooth; what said she? or what said she not? O trusty witnesses to all I do, O Night and thou Diana, who Silence rul'st when secret rites are done, now, now attend—now turn your anger and your power against the houses of our foes. While the wild beasts in the dreaded woods lie hid, listless through pleasing sleep, may Subura's dogs bark at the aged rake—a sight, the sport of all—scented with nard of such a power that even my cunning hands could never make a better.

What has befallen? Why have my direful drugs of barbarous Medea's kind lost their effect? with which she took revenge upon her haughty rival, great Creon's child,—then fled; when the cloak, a gift with poison soaked, took off the bride by fiery heat. And yet, nor blade nor root in scrub and thickets hid has 'scaped my search. He sleeps on beds touched with forgetfulness of all his harlot dames. Ah! ah! he walks at will, set free by spell of some more potent witch. O Varus, doomed to many tears, 'tis by no common draught that you shall hurry back to me, nor is it by Marsian spells your heart shall turn again: a stronger philtre will I mix, a stronger cup will I prepare to quell your proud disdain, and sooner shall the heaven sink beneath the sea, with earth spread out above, than that you fail to burn with love for me as now this pitch is by the sooty flames consumed.

On this the boy no longer tried to move the fiendish hags by soothing words but doubtful how he'd best the silence break

he hurled at them 'Thyestes' prayers: "Your magic may transform the mighty laws of right and wrong, but not man's retribution; with curses I'll pursue you all: for execration dread no victim shall atone. Nay rather, when doomed to death by you I shall have breathed my last, as a Fury I will haunt you in the night, and as a shade, with crooked talons I will tear your face, such is the Manes' power, and seated on your troubled breast, by terrors I will chase your sleep away. From street to street the mob assailing you on every side with stones shall crush you filthy hags: then after that the wolves and vultures of the Esquiline shall carry far and wide your still unburied limbs. Nor shall this sight escape my parents, who shall, alas! survive me."

EPODE VI.

AGAINST CASSIUS SEVERUS.

Why do you as a cur at harmless strangers snarl, a very coward when confronting wolves? Why don't you rather, if you can, turn here your windy threats and make for me who'll bite you back again? For like a tawny Spartan or Molossian hound, the shepherds' sturdy friend, with ear erect I'll follow on through deepest snows the game that is in front, whate'er it be. But you, when you have filled the grove with threatening bark, sniff at the food flung down to you. Beware! I say, beware! for very savage 'gainst the bad I raise my ready horn, like him whom as a son-in-law the false Lycambes spurned, or him who was to Bupalus a bitter foe. What! if one assail me with envenomed tooth, shall I without revenge just blubber like a boy?

EPODE VII.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

Where rush you? Where, on bloody deeds intent? Or why are swords but lately sheathed again by right hands grasped? Has there too little of the Latin blood been shed on land and sea? Not that the Roman might by fire consume the towers of Carthage, jealous of our might, or that the Briton, still a freeman, might in chains descend the Sacred Way, but that this city, as the Parthians wish, might perish by its own right hand. And yet this custom never held 'twixt wolves and lions, which show their hate to none but alien kind. Is it blind frenzy, or some stronger power that hounds you on? Or former guilt? Give some reply:—They answer not, and sickly pallor overspreads the face, and minds are smitten dumb. And, so it is: relentless fates and guilt of brother's death pursue the Romans, ever since the blood of guiltless Remus streamed to the ground, a curse to later sons.

EPODE IX.

TO MAECENAS.

O blest Maecenas! When shall I by Cæsar's victory made glad, join you beneath your lofty roof—so Jove has willed—in quaffing cups of Cæcuban for happy feasts reserved, the lyre meantime, with flutes combined, emitting strains, that in the Dorian, these in the Phrygian mode? As late we did, when the Neptunian chief,—his ships all burnt,—swept from the strait, took flight, threatening the City with the chains which he had taken, as a friend, off treacherous slaves. A Roman citizen, alas!—you later sons will scarce

believe—slave to a woman, as a soldier carries stakes and arms, and stoops to serve e'en wrinkled eunuchs ; and amidst Rome's eagles bold the Sun vile curtains sees. Chafing at such a sight, two thousand Gauls wheeled round their steeds and bid great Cæsar hail, and the sterns of hostile ships, urged quickly to the left, lie safely in the harbour lodged. Hail, God of Triumph ! Dost Thou delay the golden chariots and the heifers never yoked ? Hail, God of Triumph ! Not from Jugurthine war didst thou bring back a leader such as this, not Africanus even, whose valour raised a tomb for him on fallen Carthage. The foe o'ercome by land and sea exchanged his purple robe for garb of woe. And now he either makes for Crete, by hundred cities famed, with adverse winds to strive, or seeks the Syrtes by stormy Notus vexed, or floats at random on some sea, without an aim.

Bring here, my boy, still larger cups, some Chian or some Lesbian wine, or fill me up some Cæcuban to check my rising qualm. It does me good, by pleasant wine to dissipate my cares, and banish every fear for Cæsar's lasting weal.

EPODE X.

AGAINST MAEVIUS.

With evil luck unmoored the ship sets sail that bears on board ill-odoured Maevius. Forget not, Auster, to lash her with your dreaded waves on this side and on that. May black and stormy Eurys scatter wide her cordage and her broken oars upon the upheaved sea ! May North wind rise, as high as when it breaks the quivering oaks on mountain heights, and let not friendly star appear that dismal night on which the fell Orion sets : and let her not be borne on

calmer seas than was the band of Grecian victors when Pallas turned her wrath from new-burnt Troy against the ship of wicked Ajax. Oh, what a toil's before your crew, what sallow paleness waits yourself, and those unmanly wails and prayers to angry Jove, when the Ionian sea roaring beneath the blasts of watery South shall burst your hull. But if the dainty prey stretched on the winding shore shall give the cormorants delight, a lustful he-goat and a lamb in honour of the storms shall die.

EPODE XI.

TO PETTIUS.

Pettius, no longer does it please me as of old to write my verselets, sore smitten as I am with love which seeks me out above the rest to set my heart aflame for tender youths and maidens too. This third December now is shaking from the woods their leafy honours since I gave o'er my frenzied passion for Inachia dear. Ah me!—for I'm ashamed of such disgrace—what a talk I was through all the town! Those jovial feasts too I regret in which my listless ways, my silence, and my long-drawn sighs betrayed the lover. Is't true that matched 'gainst gold the poor man's honest heart can nought avail? Thus wailing in your ear I made complaint, soon as the god who shame removes had driven from their hiding place my secret thoughts, as I grew warm with stronger wine. But, should my anger once boil forth without restraint, and scatter to the winds those useless remedies which nowise ease my grievous ills, my modesty displaced shall cease to strive with those so far beneath me. When sternly firm I had before you praised my purpose, though urged to seek my home, I yet was

borne, with wavering steps, to doors, to me, alas! not kind,
to thresholds against which, woe's me! I bruised my loins
and sides. . . .

EPODE XIII.

TO SOME FRIENDS.

A dismal storm has caused the heavens to frown, and showers
of rain and snow bring down the upper air. The sea now
moans, and now the woods, by force of northern blasts;
let us embrace, my friends, the chance this day presents, and
while our limbs are strong, and it becomes our years, let
sadness from the clouded brow be sent adrift. Do you
(mine host) produce the wine the press gave forth in consul-
ship of dear Torquatus. Speak not of other things: the
deity, perhaps, will by a gracious change bring all these
right as once they were. Now 'tis a pleasure to anoint our
hair with Persian nard, and by the lyre to ease our minds
of dreaded cares. As once the famous Centaur sang to
his noble ward: "Hero of unconquered might, thou mortal
son of Thetis the Divine, the Trojan land's in store for thee,
which Xanthus' cold and tiny stream, and easy flowing
Simois divide, return from which the Fates have barred by
destined length of thread, nor shall thy mother, nymph of
ocean, e'er bear thee home again. There lighten every ill
of life by music and by wine. those sweets consolers of
depressing grief."

EPODE XIV.

TO MAECENAS.

Maecenas, honest friend, you wound me when you often
ask why easy indolence has spread so deep oblivion o'er my

deepest powers, as if with greedy throat I quaffed the cups which bring Lethean sleep; for Love, the god of Love, forbids me to complete the verses promised long, the lyric strains I had begun. Just so, they say, Anacreon of Teos was fired by Samian Bathyllus, and often on his hollow lyre bemoaned his love in measures free from rules. You know yourself what 'tis to waste away with fires of love, but if no brighter flame set Troy ablaze when close besieged, be happy in your lot. Phryne consumes my heart, freedwoman though she is, and with one lover not content.

EPODE XV.

TO NEÆRA.

'Twas night, and in a cloudless sky the moon shone forth among the lesser stars, while you, prepared to slight the sacred honour of the mighty gods, swore in the words I gave, clasping me with clinging arms more tightly than the lofty oak is by the ivy bound,—“That long as wolves should be the foes of sheep, long as Orion, sailor's bane, should stir the wintry sea, long as Apollo's youthful locks should in the breezes float, so long true love should last 'tween you and me.” Neæra, you shall deeply sorrow for my firm resolve! For if a spark of manly pride abides in Flaccus, he will not bear that you devote your every night to one more loved, and in anger he will seek a kindred soul, and if well founded hate should in his heart find place, his steadfast mind shall not give way to beauty once disliked.

But you, whoe'er you are that strut about more fortunate than I, and proud from my ill-luck, though you be rich in flocks and land in plenty, and though Pactolus rush on you in flood of gold, and though the secrets of Pythagoras,

once and again revived, escape you not, and though in beauty you surpass the lovely Nireus, you shall, alas ! bewail her love transferred elsewhere ; but I, on my part, shall enjoy my laugh in turn.

EPODE XVI.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

A second age is now being wasted by our civil wars, and Rome is tottering to her fall by forces from within. That city which nor Marsian borderers had power to sack, nor Porsena's Etruscan hordes, with all his threats, nor Capua's rival might, nor Spartacus the bold, nor the Gauls, in revolution false, could take, nor warlike Germany subdue with blue eyed hosts, nor Hannibal, by parents hated—that city we shall ourselves destroy, an impious race of cursed blood, and once again her site shall be the wild beasts' home. A foreign conqueror, alas ! shall on her ashes tread, the trooper with his charger's echoing hoof shall make the city ring, and in flush of pride shall toss about the bones of Romulus (a sight of shame !), which heretofore have never known the wind or sun. Perhaps you all with one accord, at least the better part, inquire what's needful to relieve you from your dreadful ills : let no resolve prevail o'er this, to go where'er our feet shall bear us, where'er the South or stormy Africus shall call us over seas ; as the Phocæan State by oath of imprecation bound, fled from their fathers' fields and homes, and left the holy shrines to be possessed by boars and ravening wolves. Is it agreed ? Or can another better counsel give ? Why do we hesitate to take to ship in happy hours ? But let us swear to this : soon as the stones raised from the waters' depths shall to the surface float let it not be wrong to come again ; and let us

not be loath to turn our sails for home, soon as the swollen Po has washed Matinian heights, or lofty Apennine has run to sea, and a strange desire has by a novel lust made monstrous unions, so that the tigers may delight to mate with stags, and the gentle dove to couple with the kite; and that the herds, made trustful, may no longer fear the tawny lions, and that the he-goat, now grown smooth, may love the briny sea. Let all of us free citizens, or those above the untaught herd, depart, when we by imprecations dire have bound ourselves to this and all that can cut off a sweet return: let those that fear and cannot hope still press ill-omened beds.

But you that bear a manly soul, away with woman's grief and haste beyond Etruscan shores. The ocean stream that girds the world awaits us: let's seek the lands, the happy lands, those islands of the blest, where earth untilled returns each year rich crops of corn, and vines unpruned still flourish ever on, and the olive boughs that never fail send forth their buds, and the dusky fig adorns its native tree: from the hollow oaks honey in plenty flows, and lightly the water from the mountain heights descends with rippling stream. There goats unbidden to the milking come, and the flocks for love bring home their swollen teats: nor does the bear at even growl around the fold, nor does the soil swell to its depth with deadly snakes. More too we, happy, shall with wonder see: how neither watery Eurys sweeps the fields with torrent rain, nor are the rich and fertile seeds burnt up by sapless clods, for heaven's King checks each extreme. No ship with Argo's crew came ever here; nor here did a shameless Colchian plant her foot: hither no Syrian traders bent their sail-yards, nor toiling rowers of Ulysses' fleet. Here no infection harms the flock, no furious dog-star's rage scorches the cattle with its heat. When Jupiter debased the Golden Age with brass,

he set apart these coasts for men of pious race : with brass and then with iron he made the Ages harder still, escape from which by this my oracle is to the pious given.

EPODE XVII.

HORACE AND CANIDIA.

HORACE.—Now, now I yield to your most potent skill, and as a suppliant beg you by realms of Proserpine and by Diana's deity that may not be provoked, and by the books of magic spells which from the sky can draw the stars and bring them down. Canidia, spare, I pray, your mystic words, and loose, oh, loose the wheel and spin it quickly back ! Telephus to pity moved the great Achilles, 'gainst whom he had in pride arrayed the Mysian bands, and at whom he had discharged his whetted darts. Manslaying Hector, doomed to birds and dogs of prey, Troy's matrons yet anointed, when Priam left the walls and flung himself at feet of dread Achilles, obstinate of will. At Circe's beck the rowers of Ulysses, man of many toils, laid down the shapes of swine with bristles on their hardened skins. Then sense and voice returned, and to their looks the wonted dignity of man. I've paid you penalties enough and more,—you, by sailors and by pedlars beloved. Youth and the blush of health have left my bones, now clad in livid skin : my hair is whitened by your scented drugs : no rest relieves me after toil : night treads on day, and day on night, nor have I power by taking breath to ease my sore-strained lungs. Then, to my grief, I'm forced to credit what I once denied, that Sabine spells ring through the heart, and that the head is split in twain by Marsian songs. What wish you more ? O sea, O earth ! I'm all on fire, more than was Hercules,

with blood of Nessus smeared, aye more than flames of Sicily, in boiling *Ætna*, ever fresh and fierce. You're always heated up, a very factory of magic drugs, till as dry ash I'm borne off upon the noxious winds.

What end of torment or what indemnity awaits me? Speak out: with honour I shall fully pay the penalty imposed, prepared to make amends whether you ask a hundred bulls, or rather wish the praise of a mendacious lute. Of spotless chastity, of morals pure, you'll proudly move, a brilliant light among the stars. Castor and the brother of Great Castor, though hurt in mind because of slandered Helen, being moved by prayer, returned the bard his eyesight lost. And you, too, for you can, release me from this frenzied mind,—you who are not disgraced by parents' mean estate, and are not skilled in throwing ninth-day ashes upon the paupers' graves. You have a kindly heart and hands unstained with blood; You're a veritable mother; *Pactumeius* is your son; and with wondrous speed did you recover health and strength.

CANIDIA.—Why do you pour your prayers on ears close-sealed? The winter's sea beats not with swelling surge on rocks more deaf to shipwrecked crews. To think that without penalty you should divulge and ridicule *Cotyttian* mysteries, the sacred orgy of unbridled love, and as High Priest of the *Esquilian* rites, should make the town re-echo with my name! What profit did it bring to me to have enriched *Pelignian* hags, and to have mixed a speedier potion? But slower fates than those you wish await you; unwelcome life must be spun out by you in misery, with this intent, that to the end you may remain a fitting object for new toils.

Tantalus, father of the faithless *Pelops*, longs for rest;

Tantalus who ever wants the bounteous feast ; Prometheus, to the greedy bird exposed in bonds, desires it too ; Sisyphus for ever strives to place on mountain heights the heavy stone, but Jove's decrees forbid.

Sometimes you'll long to leap from lofty towers, sometimes to rend your breast with Noric sword ; in vain you'll tie a noose around your throat, saddened by grief that loathes to live.

Then shall I ride on neck of foes, and to my haughty triumph Earth shall bow. Shall I, who to the waxen forms give feeling, as you by prying know, and by my spells can tear the moon from heaven, can from their ashes raise the dead, and duly mix a draught of fond desire—shall I lament the issue of my art, all powerless 'gainst you alone ?

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